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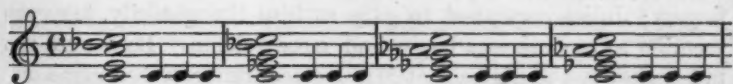
FEBRUARY 1903.

*Christian Thal.*¹

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER IV.



NEXT morning breakfast was served on one of the little tables in the verandah. The Lennoxes took their meal alone, being less matutinal than the other inhabitants of the hotel. While Juliet was dressing she had seen the Princess and her companion setting forth briskly down the hill; and now the spinsters Krell were returning from the hot springs, where they had drunk a morning glass apiece. There was no sign of the gentleman who spoke like a foreigner and had an English name, or of Christian and Annola.

'Daddy, can you guess at the nationality of those people?' said Juliet suddenly. 'I mean the musician and his companion. She is called Annola Istó, and he is Christian Thal. They speak English quite well, and also French, but they speak German between themselves, and I heard them talking in such a funny language last night, quite unlike anything that I have ever heard. What do you think?'

She leaned her elbows on the table and looked at him earnestly.

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The Professor came out of his brown-study and appeared to consider the point.

'She is a woman of very decided character,' he remarked somewhat irrelevantly; 'an original creature too. She interests me exceedingly. Did you hear her parodied proverb, "*Tout vient à qui n'attend pas*"? It took a clever woman to find out that truth and to put it so tersely: "We, who ask nothing of life, receive too much."'

Juliet considered her father gravely and sympathetically, but said nothing.

'I suppose,' he went on—'I suppose only one man out of a hundred would have had my ardent wish to stand apart and think and work for mankind. It was not selfishness on my part, not mere studious egotism; I felt that whereas other men were called upon to act, I was called upon to think; and that the result of my thought, when thoroughly matured and reduced to a proper system, would confer a lasting benefit on the whole human race. And what happened? The current of my life was turned aside, and for years has been flowing idly over waste places.'

He paused, drumming on the table with his long, shapely fingers; Juliet continued to gaze at him thoughtfully, her eyes seeming to become ever larger and more solemn. Both were too much absorbed to notice that Mr. Horace Bulkeley had come out of the hotel and seated himself at a table a few yards away from theirs.

'When I come to think of it,' continued the Professor, with a laugh that was somehow mingled with a groan, 'it seems almost incredible. I can scarcely believe that I—I should have thus suffered myself to drift. When I ask myself what those things were that came, one after another, to block the channel of my thought I could laugh to myself if my heart were not so sad. What were they, Juliet? The common everyday things that come to every man—and I, who flattered myself that I was secure on my pedestal, that I could look upon them and touch them not! Wealth came first—vulgar, sordid wealth—'

'Oh, poor Moorshill!' exclaimed Juliet. 'How can you call it such hard names?'

'My dear, I use them relatively. I mean that wealth in itself is no boon to me—rather the reverse. I was quite happy at Oxford: I had made a position for myself there. Moorshill is well enough—I should not be a Lennox if I did not respect and

even venerate the old place; but that is just the crux. I must live up to its traditions; I must accept its responsibilities. No, child, look at it in whichever way I will, I cannot think poor George's death anything but a misfortune. Well, what was I saying? First came this inheritance, and then marriage. I was obliged to marry in order to ensure an heir to the property, but I did not calculate on falling in love. I fell in love with your mother, Juliet, after I married her.'

His face changed and softened.

'And then——' he broke off.

'And then I came,' said Juliet, in a very small, insinuating voice.

He looked at her, still with that softened expression on his face, but with the ghost of a twinkle in his eyes.

'And then you came, Baby,' he said, and sighed.

'Am I not satisfactory?' inquired Juliet.

'I don't say you are unsatisfactory,' returned her father reflectively. 'You are a very good little girl as little girls go, but, you see, I didn't happen to want a little girl. And your coming cost me dear, Juliet.'

'I know,' she said thoughtfully, and without a shadow of wounded feeling. A perfect understanding existed between father and child, and she knew that the regrets in which he sometimes indulged in no way interfered with his almost passionate love for her.

Mr. Bulkeley had, since his arrival, been contemplating the pair with intense curiosity and interest, his eye resting in particular upon the massive head of the Professor. The waiter brought him his breakfast at this juncture, and he desired him in an undertone to fetch the Visitors' Book.

'Daddy,' said Juliet, after a minute, very seriously, 'there is one thing that ought to comfort you. You want to help people, and all your work and all your thought have been for that. Don't you think,' speaking diffidently and pleadingly, 'don't you think you will help them all the better for having felt so much yourself?'

Her father turned and looked at her, and she blushed, but continued bravely:

'As long as you were up on your pedestal you may have been able to see very far, and to think your great thoughts without being disturbed, while the poor people down below were struggling and being knocked about; but now that you have been in the

crowd and have felt the blows you know what it is like, and you can sympathise even more; and when you are on your pedestal again you can call out to them, and tell them which way to go or how to stand firm.'

He leaned forward and pinched her cheek.

'But I must first get upon my pedestal again, Baby,' he said; 'and that is not so easy. For seventeen years I have been trying, and I always slip back and find myself amongst the crowd.'

'Ah, Daddy, but you will always be head and shoulders over it!' cried Juliet.

The Professor smiled and held out his cup in silence for some more coffee. Presently he began to talk of other matters; but Juliet knew by the very tone of his voice that she had pleased and, in a manner, comforted him.

By-and-by a shadow fell across their table, and looking up, somewhat startled, they saw Mr. Bulkeley standing by with a shy smile upon his face.

'I beg your pardon,' he said. 'Professor Lennox, forgive this intrusion, but I cannot help speaking to you.'

The Professor looked up with the kindly tolerance of the notable man accustomed to be recognised.

'You will not remember me, of course,' continued the other hurriedly; 'how could you? At the time you helped me you were at the zenith of your fame, and I was a poor obscure boy, struggling at a small college; but I have never forgotten what you did for me. It is twenty years ago—your hair was as black as ebony then, and your figure would have been a credit to any of our athletes.'

'Ah,' said Mr. Lennox, with a quiet smile, 'you were very clever to recognise me.'

'I did not recognise you at first, beyond a dim feeling that I had met you before; but just now, when I heard you speaking to your daughter, it flashed upon me that it could be no one but you; and when I saw your name in the hotel book I was, of course, sure.'

'Well, well,' said the Professor, somewhat in the encouraging tone of a master towards a promising pupil, 'I am very glad that we have met again. Sit down, and tell me first of all who you are, and then what I did for you.'

'My name is Horace Bulkeley—it will convey nothing to you. I was sent to college to study for the Church, and I fancied myself a philosopher. I was brought up in the very strictest and

narrowest Evangelicalism, and fell into the other extreme at the university. I read myself out of all wish to take orders. I became intimate with men who set to work to undermine all my religious beliefs. In the end, between the reproaches of my people, the gibes of my new friends, and my own doubts I was very nearly driven crazy. Suddenly, one day, after attending one of your lectures——'

'Ah,' interrupted the Professor, his fine face all aglow with pride and pleasure. 'I remember that course—twenty years ago you say? Yes, yes; I remember the series. It helped you, did it?'

'Not so much the lectures themselves,' said Bulkeley, 'as what they led to. A sentence in one came like a ray of light to me; I said to myself, "Here is a man who will help me." And I called upon you next day. Yes, I have wondered since at my own daring. I came, poor unfledged nobody that I was, and actually forced myself upon the great Professor Lennox, whose name just then was in everybody's mouth. I would not be denied: I made my way past your servant, I clamoured for admittance at your very bedroom door. Oh, I remember it so well! You heard the noise and opened your door, and told me to come in. You were shaving, and all your cloudy hair stood back from your brow, and your eyes looked so dark and piercing in contrast with the lather on your face.'

Juliet's gaze was fixed on him with deep interest; and her father, leaning back in his chair, listened with a half-smile. The narrator went on, growing more and more animated as he proceeded, and gesticulating almost as a foreigner might have done; indeed his very phraseology had a certain picturesqueness which was un-English.

'I began straightway to pour forth I know not what torrent of doubts and difficulties; I quoted, I remember, from certain German sceptics; I brought out whole pages of Voltaire, intermingled with much blasphemous nonsense of my own. In the midst of my real agony of perplexity I remember a certain glow of pride and self-satisfaction. At least, I thought, you would realise how seriously I had studied these questions, and be gratified to find yourself consulted by such a well-read young fellow. You let me go on without saying a word—in fact, if I remember aright, you continued shaving; but I could see the reflection of those eyes of yours in the glass, and could not move my own from them. After a time your silence maddened me; I talked more wildly even

than before ; I launched out into yet fiercer diatribes ; and all at once you put down your razor, and turned round, and laid your hand gently on my shoulder. I can feel it now—the quiet controlling pressure. Thus might a mother stretch out her hand to steady a very little child which has been running so fast that it is in danger of falling. “Look there, my boy,” said you, pointing with the other hand ; “what do you see over there in that corner of the room ?” “What do I see ?” I stammered, after vainly staring for a moment or two ; “I see nothing but a boot.” “Just so,” you replied, very quietly ; “there is nothing but a boot there ; but when I see a boot I know that it must belong to a foot. Oh, you foolish boy, to come and ask me if there be a God ! Shut up your books and use your eyes.” And after a moment you laughed, and clapped me on the back, and took up your razor again. If you had argued with me for hours it would not have done me so much good as the homely illustration. And then the way you said it—your look, the tone of your voice. I went away and followed your advice ; and I found many foot-prints.’

‘You are not a clergyman now, I think,’ said Mr. Lennox, after a short pause, glancing at Bulkeley’s clothes.

‘No, no, I am an engineer. I have wandered all my life, and lately have secured a post under Government at Stättingen. The work suits me very well, and I have grown fond of my adopted country.’

Mr. Lennox sat smiling to himself for a moment or two. ‘I had forgotten all about it,’ he said ; ‘it is very odd—I have absolutely no recollection of the incident.’

‘It was the turning-point of my life,’ said the other. ‘I have always thought of you since, Professor, with what I may call veneration. I have read every word you have ever written ; I have even treasured up old reports of your lectures, and paragraphs connected with your doings.’

Juliet looked up at her father with shining eyes, her heart swelling with pride and triumph. What a man he was ! How wonderful must be the treasures of his wisdom when even a stray crumb had had such power !

‘Well,’ said Mr. Lennox, extending his hand with one of his peculiarly charming smiles to Horace Bulkeley, ‘I thank you very much for reminding me of this ; you have done me good. I have been suffering from very great depression lately.’

‘You will forgive me,’ said Horace ; ‘I could not help over-

hearing some of your conversation with your daughter, and I think I understand.'

They shook hands silently, and then Mr. Lennox went on:

'You knew me, Bulkeley, in my prime. You see what I am now—a broken man, whose message to the world is only half spoken. That is the trouble. I had called the world, and it was listening—and now I lack the power to speak. If I die without completing my work it were better that I had never lived.'

Horace was opening his lips to answer when the sound of a piano came suddenly from the open window of the reading-room, close to which the party was sitting. Not the Moonlight Sonata this time, not Chopin, not even a fragment from some composer of lighter merit; the sounds which now fell upon their ear resembled rather those produced by a particularly conscientious piano-tuner.

'It is young Thal practising his technique,' said Horace, with a smile and a shrug. 'He is studying, as you know, at Stättingen under the famous Professor Adlersohn. The Maestro, as his pupils call him, is rigorous in exacting perfection in technique.'

The Professor pushed back his chair with an expression of irritation.

'Well, I shall withdraw,' he said. 'I admire the young man very sincerely, but one may have too much of a good thing.'

'My room is beautifully quiet,' put in Juliet in the soft voice and with the wistful expression which she unconsciously assumed when her father was annoyed. 'I told Andrews to move your things there, and to see that the writing-table was carried in just as it was, so that nothing should be disturbed.'

'A very necessary precaution,' commented Mr. Lennox as he turned away.

Bulkeley was sensible of a transitory feeling of wonder that this evidence of forethought should have been rewarded by no word of commendation, no smile of recognition; but Juliet herself expected none. She and her father knew each other's ways, and in her own fashion she was the more philosophical of the two.

Bulkeley returned to his unfinished breakfast, and presently strolled away; but Juliet remained where she was, enjoying the pure crisp air and the sunshine, and letting her eyes roam over the distant hills. And Christian Thal went diligently on with his exercises, varying them occasionally by rapid runs and curious, inharmonious chords.

Juliet had almost ceased to pay attention to them, and to wonder, as she had done at first, what particular feat of strength or flexibility the studies in question were destined to produce, when there came a sudden pause in the performance, and she was startled by the musician's voice, sounding apparently close to her.

'Good-morning,' it said.

'Good-morning,' she replied, turning round, and observing that he was leaning out of the window just behind her.

They smiled at each other for a moment without speaking, and then she said shyly:

'You have been working very hard, have you not?'

'Ah, you have been listening? Yes, I am building up the scaffolding.'

'I should hardly have thought it was necessary for you to go through that kind of drudgery.'

His brow darkened.

'You say well it is drudgery, and I myself think I have too much of it. As I say to Annola, "What does one want with scaffolding when the house is built?"'

'I suppose she—your sister—will not be content with anything short of perfection for you.'

He leaned out of the window a little more, smiling again.

'How rude you are to say my playing is not already perfect! But you are right: it is not by any means perfect—yet. I shall no doubt thank Annola some day, as she often tells me, but she makes me furious now. . . . She is not my sister, you know,' he added after a pause, during which he had been drumming absently on the window-sill.

'Oh!' said Juliet. 'Then is she—what is she? I mean what relation is she to you?'

She had scarcely spoken before she repented of what she stigmatised to herself as impertinent curiosity; but he on his side did not appear to resent it at all.

'Oh, Annola is no relation,' he said, idly watching the movements of his fingers; 'no relation at all. We are not even of the same nationality. She is a Hungarian, you see, and I—I call myself Slav—it is comprehensive, and will do, since one must say something; but my ancestry is mixed. I have Polish blood in me and Bohemian. I was born in Germany, so I suppose I am more German than anything else; but what does it matter?'—with a shrug of the shoulders—'I belong to the world.'

Juliet was silent. He glanced up quickly, divining her thought.

'I have again offended your sense of decorum. A young man should not say such things, should he? He should wait until the world claims him before announcing that he belongs to the world. That is what you are thinking, is it not?'

'Not exactly,' she returned; 'but I don't like to hear you speak in that way, I confess.'—She had caught up some of her father's tricks of speech, which, coming from her, sounded quaintly pedantic—'I think you should be above it; it seems affected, and I am sure you are not that.'

'There you are wrong,' he replied composedly. 'I am naturally affected; I was born affected—just as I was born with a good memory. I have such a memory—you cannot think what a memory I have. I never forget a face. Perhaps I shall never see you again, yet even after ten or twenty years I shall remember your face. I shall also remember this room'—with a half-turn of his head towards the interior of the apartment behind him. 'When here I never look at anything but the piano, yet I could tell you everything that is in it. In ten years' time I could describe it for you, beginning with the placard over the stove, which politely requests Germans not to smoke, gently prays Frenchmen to refrain from doing so, and curtly informs Englishmen that it is forbidden.'

He laughed, and Juliet laughed too. He looked such a boy this morning, and his nonsense amused her so much that she felt quite at her ease with him. She almost forgot the admiration, well-nigh amounting to reverence, with which his genius had inspired her on the preceding evening, and frankly enjoyed the young bright companionship. It never struck her that she might possibly be offending against the proprieties in conversing thus freely with a comparative stranger. Professor Lennox had ever been impatient of conventionalities, and, moreover, treated Juliet alternately as a child and as a person of his own age, according to the mood in which he found himself. And Juliet accepted the one situation quite meekly and calmly, and strained every nerve to reach the level of the other. As in either case the Professor deemed lessons in worldly wisdom equally unnecessary, she had never even heard of Mrs. Grundy.

Presently she returned to the subject of Annola, who alike puzzled and interested her.

'I don't quite understand about your friend,' she said. 'Are you always together?'

'We have been together,' he returned, 'for—let me see—ten years. Yes, ten years. I was ten years old when she took me away, and I am twenty now.'

'Then she adopted you?'

'Oh, call it that if you like. She took me to make an artist of me. You see she had failed herself. She wanted to be a singer; she even went on the stage, and then, when she was still quite young, only four- or five-and-twenty, she got a bad cold or something, and lost her voice. You may notice how hoarse she is, even in speaking.'

'Poor thing!' said Juliet. 'How very sad!'

'Yes,' agreed Christian, looking past the girl at the distant hills, but without seeing them. 'I wonder she did not go mad or kill herself. If I were to lose the use of my hands—ach!' He struck his brow and closed his eyes, as though the idea were too dreadful to be contemplated.

'Well,' he continued presently, resuming his narrative tone, 'there, you see, was poor Annola left with all that artist-soul of hers pining for expression, and no outlet. So when she came across me, and heard me play, she took me to be her outlet. All the music that was in her she has put into me, all the dramatic instincts, all her ambition. She works only for me; she lives only for me.'

Juliet was very much astonished and impressed.

'And what do your parents think about it?' she inquired. 'Did they want to give you up?'

'Oh, I was an orphan when she found me; that made it easy, you see; but in any case I would have gone with her—I would have left parents, home, everything, to be a musician.'

'How grateful you must be to her!' commented the girl, after meditating for a moment or two.

'I owe everything in the world to her,' said Christian pensively; 'she found me—she made me.'

'No wonder she has such power over you,' continued Juliet, pursuing her train of thought. 'I thought it strange—but, of course, your gratitude to your benefactress—'

'I don't look on her in that light, you know,' he interrupted, throwing back his head quickly. 'If she is necessary to me, I am necessary to her: she cannot do without me. She considers herself lucky to have come across me—and with reason, for, you see,

she could not give me everything. She helped me to develop, of course—but still from the very first I was always—I’

‘But she—oh, I don’t think you ought to speak like that!’ cried Juliet, much scandalised.

‘Why not? You do not understand, but she does. A burdensome gratitude is the last thing she would expect or even wish. My success will repay her for everything.’

Juliet was again reduced to silence, and he resumed, after a pause: ‘You said she had great power over me? I suppose she has; I must own that when she reminds me of our joint object, and I call to mind the sacrifices she has made to attain it, I cannot resist her will.’

‘Then you are grateful after all,’ put in Juliet quickly.

He continued, as though he had not heard her:

‘And then, you see, I am forced to admit that she knows best what is for my good. I am sometimes—how would you say it? I have fancies. I vary from day to day. People think that an artist should be like a barrel-organ, always ready to make music. But no—sometimes I cannot play a note, and sometimes people want me to play for them, and they have not got sympathetic faces—and so I can’t. And sometimes I want to play for myself, quite alone, all day and all night—I would often play all night were it not for Annola; but she will not let me. She comes and stands by me in her peignoir, and leaves me no peace until I go to bed. I think her very tiresome, but in my heart I know it is for my good.’

He had begun unconsciously to finger a tune upon his sleeve, and now fell into silence, smiling at his own thoughts. Juliet did not know what to make of him. His calm egotism, his dispassionate analysis of his own moods, puzzled and somewhat shocked her. She herself had been brought up in such a very different school that she could hardly understand, much less sympathise with, the condition of mind in which moods and impulses appeared to hold so important a part. Ever since she had been a very little child she had been taught to conquer all unreasonable inclinations and to be superior to unwarrantable impulses. She remembered yet her first lesson in philosophy. Some friend had promised to take her to a pantomime when she was yet so tiny that she firmly believed that the fairies would be real; almost at the last moment a heavy snowstorm had come on, and her father had decided that the expected pleasure must be renounced. He had taken her on his knee, and explained very

gently the various risks and dangers which would attend the carrying out of the project in such weather, and had finished by saying decidedly: 'So you see, my little girl, it is better to put it off for another day.'

'Yes, Daddy,' the child had answered, and had suddenly burst into tears. How well she remembered it even now! The Professor had gazed at her seriously, and reasoned with her very kindly but firmly. It was silly of her to cry for a thing that could not be helped. Did she want to catch a very bad cold and be ill, perhaps, for weeks? No, Juliet certainly did not want that. Did she know the snow might come down so thickly that no horse could get along in the streets? That would be very dreadful, Juliet sobbed. Had she ever known her father break a promise unless he was absolutely obliged to do so? Never, never! Why, then, did she cry? She thought of the fairies again, but choked back her sobs in silence. He went on talking to her, and she listened with all her might, and tried her very best to understand, and said 'Yes, Daddy,' by-and-by when he asked her if she were quite satisfied. But she did not recover her spirits until she had gone upstairs to Andrews, who had said: 'Well, to be sure!' in a vexed tone on hearing of the Professor's decision, and promised her to play forfeits after tea. Then Juliet had felt that the world was not all dark.

Nevertheless, when the next disappointment came—and how many such disappointments fall to the lot of a particularly precious child when the words 'Another day' are supposed by their adoring and too anxious-minded elders to be a panacea for all woe—Juliet bore it like a little Stoic. She said: 'Very well, Daddy,' and walked away, and looked out of the window for a moment. When she turned back again into the room, she saw that her father was watching her, and immediately made some small remark about the weather; whereupon the Professor caught her in his arms and kissed her repeatedly. She understood *that*; and many a subsequent victory was won and many a wayward impulse subdued chiefly with the desire to please her father. However, from whatever motive, the training was equally effective: 'sweet reasonableness' governed the girl's actions, and in a manner dominated her very thoughts. She found Christian's behaviour the more unaccountable.

He seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of her disapproving attitude, and looked up presently with a smiling glance.

'What would you have?' he said. 'I am made like that. But

if you will come in I will play to you now, and you shall approve of me again.'

She jumped up quickly, and soon joined him in the reading-room, where he was already seated at the piano. Again it seemed to her that from the moment his fingers touched the keys a transformation came over him. All his affectations fell from him. He seemed to rise above them, to become ennobled, and in a manner spiritualised. It was no mere whimsical yet fascinating youth who sat before her dominating his instrument—it was a great artist, a great man.

CHAPTER V.



THE interminable *table-d'hôte* dinner was somewhat enlivened by the addition of Mr. Bulkeley to the Lennoxes' table, at the request of the Professor. They talked together, of old times and new, in a manner which Juliet found delightful to listen to. Presently Mr. Lennox, wishing to refer to his note-book, discovered that he had left his pince-nez upstairs, and immediately despatched Juliet in search of it.

Horace watched her as she rose with alacrity and threaded her way deftly through the rows of tables which ran the length of the room, vanishing presently through the doorway.

'What are you looking at?' inquired the Professor, observing that Bulkeley had turned in his chair.

'I was looking at your daughter,' he returned, wheeling round again. 'I was thinking that I had never seen a girl of her age so absolutely free from awkwardness or self-consciousness. Yet it must have been rather an ordeal to pass so many people by herself.'

'Juliet has never been accustomed to think of anything of

the kind,' said her father composedly. 'She is, thank Heaven, simplicity itself.'

'She is a singularly interesting and graceful creature,' resumed the other. 'Peculiarly graceful—every movement is full of charm.'

'Ah, yes,' conceded Mr. Lennox. 'Yes, she is naturally graceful. If you were to see her dance you would be quite struck. She has a perfect genius for dancing. Her dancing is not merely graceful, but full of poetry—one might almost say inspiration. Last year she had a great wish to learn some curious, fanciful figures from a little American girl who came to London for a time, and who had the pretty idea of indicating certain phases of Nature by means of dancing and gestures. One little exercise, for instance, simulates the growth and movement of a flower, another the flight of a bird, a third the swaying of trees in the wind. The movements are very pretty and suggestive, and Juliet has caught up the notion very well.'

'I should like to see these dances,' cried Bulkeley, to whom the idea appealed, and who now watched Juliet with increased curiosity as she re-entered the room.

'Nothing easier,' returned the Professor. 'She shall give a little exhibition this afternoon. Mr. Bulkeley would like to see your flower dances, dear,' he remarked when she drew near. 'You remember them, do you not? though I daresay you are out of practice.'

'Oh, I think I could manage them,' said Juliet, without hesitation. 'But it won't go so well without music.'

'I daresay that young fellow yonder would play,' said the Professor, calmly. 'He would be willing possibly to spare a few moments from his abominable finger exercises.'

Juliet coloured.

'He—he mightn't like—' she began, but the Professor interrupted her.

'Nonsense, child. I will ask him myself; I am quite sure he will make no objection.'

Juliet demurred no longer, and finished her dinner composedly enough. Herr Thal was not likely to object, she thought; in fact it was a very simple thing to ask. She had not danced for some time, and had almost fancied she was growing too old for it, but since her father apparently did not think so it must be all right. And, anyhow, she loved dancing. After dinner the Professor himself went up to Christian, and made his request in

his own courteous, dignified fashion. The young man had risen at his approach, and acceded with a bow and a smile, subsequently casting a look of surprised interest at the girl, who had remained standing beside Bulkeley in the doorway.

Leaving the table, where Annola sat looking straight before her as though without noticing what was going on, Christian accompanied Mr. Lennox and the rest of the party to the reading-room, the Professor pausing on the way to speak to the head waiter.

'I have made sure that we shall not be disturbed,' he remarked as he rejoined the others. 'I don't want any strangers to break in upon us. The child would naturally be disconcerted. It is a different matter just dancing for a friend like you, Bulkeley.'

Juliet glanced quickly at Christian; but her father considered him no more than if he had been, indeed, the barrel organ to which, as he had recently complained, so many people appeared to liken him.

'What is it to be—a waltz?' he inquired as he seated himself at the piano.

'It need not be a waltz—something slow and with a marked rhythm would do. I will dance a little and you will see.'

She threw out her arms—slender, immature, childish arms, but infinitely graceful in form and movement—pointed a taper little foot, and began to glide about the room, glancing back over her shoulder at the musician, who watched her gravely, his hands upon the keys.

'You see?' she said, without pausing. Her eyes were dilated till they seemed almost black, but their gaze remained frankly interested; she tossed up her arms again, the loose sleeves of her white dress falling back from them and revealing all their slim youthfulness; the little foot was poised ready for the spring that would carry her a yard or two away.

'I see,' said Christian, and he began to play softly a melody of Rubinstein's that adapted itself admirably to the swing and rhythm of the dance.

The Professor nodded approval, and followed his daughter's movements with æsthetic pleasure.

'Why is your hair not down?' he inquired presently, however, with a little frown. 'It should be loose and flowing—it should float round you when you are playing with the wind. The illusion is not complete as it is. You have forgotten, Juliet; you always used to have your hair about your shoulders.'

'That was because I wore it loose then,' said Juliet, pausing.

'It was last year. I had not begun to tie it back. Don't you think I am too big to have it loose now?'

Her very seriousness made her seem more of a child than ever, and her father scouted the notion.

'Let it down, dear,' he said. 'You are not so big as all that, and it looks ever so much prettier.'

With a laugh she obeyed, untying the ribbon which fastened the thick tress and shaking out her shining hair till it floated round her like a veil. It was very fine and light and silky, and glittered in the sunshine like gold.

Her father leaned back with a sigh of artistic contentment, and Juliet continued to play ball with the wind, and to swoop and hover, as it seemed, like a swallow, and to advance with the rising tide, and to rock on swaying forest boughs. Every now and then she would explain the meaning of this or that phase of the performance, and Bulkeley would nod in token of his appreciation of the exactness of her rendering. But in reality he cared little for the meaning of the representation; he was absorbed in watching the girl herself. The slender, willowy figure, the supple limbs, the beautiful attitudes and movements, above all the face, with its rapt look—a look in which pure joy of life and action was combined with something which might almost have been called inspiration. It was an unforgettable face.

'To me,' observed the Professor, chiming in suddenly with his thoughts—'to me the great charm of the performance is the child's own enjoyment. She dances with something of the ease and delight with which a bird sings, and with the same simplicity. If I were to detect the least sign of self-consciousness I should make an end of this at once; but, as you see, there is none.'

Bulkeley murmured his assent, darting the while a sidelong look at his friend and revered teacher. The autocratic tone, breaking in as it did on his own secret enthusiasm, jarred on him. Did this great man appreciate his treasure as she deserved to be appreciated?

Christian Thal meanwhile played on, varying his theme occasionally, and adapting it almost as by intuition to Juliet's movements, some of which were unexpected and almost freakish. He made no remark during her occasional pauses; and she herself, tingling with delightful excitement, almost forgot his existence.

When at last she dropped down, laughing and breathless, on the sofa beside her father he turned in his chair and said quietly:

'I have never seen dancing like that.'

'You must rest, my pet,' said Mr. Lennox, taking her hand. 'How this little pulse is jumping—and you are quite pale!'

'Oh, I am always pale when I dance, because I am so happy, I think,' cried she. 'I shall go on presently; I am not a bit tired—only out of breath.'

'No, no; we have had enough for to-day. Mr. Bulkeley has seen as much as he wants; and I cannot have you overtired. I am very much obliged to you,' he added, rising, and turning to Christian; 'your music was admirable, and added greatly to our enjoyment. Come, Juliet, you must rest a little upstairs before going out.'

He drew her hand through his arm and led her towards the door. Christian bowed as they passed, and then turned to Horace.

Their eyes met, and the elder man passed on.

Annola, entering a moment or two later, found Christian standing as though in a brown study, with his eyes fixed on the ground. He did not observe her until she was close to him, and turned towards her with a start of surprise.

'Well,' she said, with a sardonic smile, 'you advance, mein lieber; you have reason to be proud. You have got so far in your career that your music is considered good enough for Miss to dance to. I congratulate you.'

'Do not be foolish, Annola,' he cried, flushing. 'You are talking nonsense. You know quite well I could not refuse a request that was so civilly made. Dear God! what could have been more simple.'

'I now dream of a future for you,' she went on in the same mocking tone—'such a future as I never dared to hope. Who knows? You may yet attain to the dignity of playing in a band—two violins and a cello, and Mr. Christian Thal hammering out waltzes and polkas on the piano. With this gentleman's recommendations you could, I dare say, count on being patronised by London society. Ja wohl! You might even have the good misfortune to replace from time to time a Hungarian band.'

'Now, Annola, you are trying to make me angry, and for what reason? Ach! it is not difficult to make me lose patience, as you know well; I am etwas spitzig. But what is it all about?—that is what I want to know.'

'What is it about?' cried she, and the eyes under her heavy brows seemed to flash fire. 'Christian Thal, do you think it is for this I have toiled and thought and starved all these years?'

That you should turn into a mere complacent puppet, ready to bow to the first who pulls the string! If you have no pride and self-respect as a man, have you not at least the dignity of the artist to uphold? It is unworthy of your vocation that you should be at the beck of every stranger.'

'How you go on,' returned he, vexed. 'As if it were not the most trivial thing in the world! The greatest artist living would have consented.'

'Well, in your place I should have sent them about their business,' retorted she violently. 'They would not have dared to ask a great artist, but they asked you because they thought you of no account. You and the head waiter alike conduced to the convenience of the performance. You by assisting as a machine might have assisted, he by keeping other people away. Do you think I do not know how little they considered you? Was I not there, outside the window, watching and listening? Oh, I raged. Did anyone so much as look towards you once they had made sure of your help? They noticed you no more than if you had been a servant—they thanked you at the end as they would have thanked a servant. I tell you I felt all the blood in my body rush to my face when I heard the insulting words: Thank you—we have had enough for to-day! And you—you did not resent them; you scarcely seemed to notice them; you stood there smiling—I could have struck you.'

Christian had turned red and pale by turns; but now he suddenly laughed and threw out a long forefinger, shaking it in warning.

'Annola,' he said, 'you are in a passion. Take care—because I shall very likely get into a passion myself, and you know it is not amusing when we both lose our tempers together. Besides, you are saying too much; one or two arrows might have struck home, but when you throw a whole sheaf together it does not carry so far. Now go away; I'm going to practise.'

He laughed quite good-humouredly as he sat down to the piano. Annola stood by, still at a white heat and continuing to gibe at him. He made no answer in words, but taunted her back through the medium of the instrument with grotesque effect. Thus, when she hurled denunciations at his head, he struck a series of melodramatic chords; when she laughed scornfully he echoed it with pattering treble notes; and when she suddenly exchanged her wrathful tone for one of almost tearful reproach he immediately passed into the minor, drawing forth a series of such plaintive and

pathetic sounds, and looking up at her the while with so much mischief in his eyes, that at last she fairly stamped upon the ground and rushed from the room. Christian let his hands fall from the keys, looked after her, sighed, shrugged his shoulders, and finally played Rubinstein's Melodie in lingering, caressing pianissimo. Then he stood up and looked frowningly at the keys.

'Annola is right in one thing,' he said; 'they cared no more for me than if I were a machine. But we shall see—we can soon put this to rights.'

CHAPTER VI.



THE next morning, while Christian was dutifully practising his technique under the guardianship of Fräulein Istó, who was walking up and down with the measured tread of a sentinel, he chanced to look up suddenly, and saw her pause before one of the windows, a kind of spasm momentarily convulsing her face.

'What is it?' he queried, quickly.

'Nothing!' she said, and walked on.

He stopped playing and listened; a blithe laugh broke upon his ear.

'Aha!' commented he, and went on with his exercise.

By-and-by, however, he paused again.

'Annola, why do you hate that girl?'

'I hate her? What are you talking about? What do I know of her that I should hate her?'

'It is just what I ask you.'

'She is not worth my hating,' resumed Annola, hastening her steps; a scarlet spot blazed in each sallow cheek.

'Nevertheless,' persisted Christian, 'I am right.'

'Well, if I do hate her,' she said, turning on him vehemently, 'what is it to you? What can a boy like you understand of a woman's jealousy?'

'Oh, ho!' he exclaimed, wheeling round so as to look at her more directly. 'Jealousy, Annola? What does that mean?'

'You can know nothing of it, I say,' she cried. 'You cannot even guess at the torture of it. What am I—a woman not yet past her prime, a woman with more life and energy in her little finger than that doll possesses in her whole frame. Yet to her, and such as her, are given the prizes of life. Women like me wear themselves out in striving and doing; *things*'—with indescribable scorn—'things of her kind wrap themselves in cotton-wool, and are cherished, and petted, and cossetted—and crowned! Gott! what fools we are—all of us!'

'Annola!' exclaimed the musician, amazed at the outburst.

'There, pay no attention to me,' she returned, dropping her voice suddenly and trying to laugh. 'I am the greatest fool of all—I am giving you proof of it, am I not? But do you see, Christian, it is not so long ago since I, too, was young like that, and happy. I, too, had a father who idolised me—ach, and now! Dear Heaven! he has changed since then. I was as pretty as she is——'

'No, no,' interrupted Christian, decidedly; 'that you can never have been. Spirituelle, yes—clever, interesting, intelligent, anything you like. *Maitresse femme* always. But pretty? No, my dear Annola, never that.'

'Ah,' cried she in a choked voice, '*you* say that to me, Christian! *You!*'

'But certainly,' he replied, with merciless calm. 'Come, Annola, be reasonable. What takes you to-day? Did I ever think you pretty?'

'No, that is true,' she said in a low tone. She took another turn or two about the room and again paused opposite him. 'You say well,' she went on; 'you never had a generous illusion about me—never a spark of enthusiasm. You take all—my work, my talent, my hopes, my prayers, my very life. Have I any existence apart from yours? And you give me nothing!'

Christian rose to his feet, and coming up to her placed a hand on either of her shoulders, and looked into her face. His own was astir with a variety of emotions; anger was there, and surprise, and wounded feeling, and underlying all a kind of compassionate tenderness.

'I will give you everything back one day,' he said with forced gentleness. 'I will pay you a hundredfold. Come, have we not often talked of it? I thought all this was understood

between us. It is true you do much for me—I am not likely to forget it—but are we not one, after all? Have we not a single intention, a single aim? Be patient, Annola.’

He bent forward as though to kiss her cheek, but she pushed him away violently and turned from him.

‘Oh, very well,’ he said, now thoroughly vexed, ‘just as you like, my dear. I regret that I cannot please you better, but if it is necessary to pay you compliments in order to earn your good graces, I am afraid I must remain out of favour. Compliments between you and me, Annola! Think of it, then’—becoming good-humoured all at once and laughing boyishly. ‘I should as soon think of telling you you were pretty as of telling you that your skin was as white as Miss Lennox’s and your hair as fair!’

‘Christian!’ she cried, almost hissing the word, ‘I forbid you—I forbid you to name that girl to me! You are right! I *hate* her!’

‘Behüte!’ said Christian, opening his great eyes very wide, and staggering back in affected alarm. ‘We have a tragedy here, it seems. *Pom, pom, pom, pom, pom!* Now the drums should strike up—*Brrrrr!*’

Annola threw out her arms. ‘Ah, you mock me like that! You mock me, you, ungrateful that you are! You deride my most sacred sorrow, you turn even the cruel disappointment to which you owe your own good fortune into a weapon against me! That only was wanting!’

‘Annola! Annola!’ he cried, turning pale in his turn and sobered in an instant, ‘surely you cannot think I meant to taunt you with your misfortune!’

‘I know it,’ she returned violently; ‘you meant to ridicule the dream of my life—the dream for which I gave up everything—my home, my parents, my rank. Oh, it is well said, “Noblesse oblige!” You have this day proved yourself to be what you are—*canaille!*’

‘Call me what you like,’ he said, breathlessly, though the colour rushed back to his face as though she had struck him, ‘but believe me, believe me, Annola, I had no intention in what I said—it was the merest childishness.’

Again he would have gone to her, but she pushed him vehemently on one side, and was gone before he had recovered his equilibrium.

‘To the devil with women!’ he cried. ‘Pfui! She has a temper—Annola. And all because I said she was not pretty. She

is *not* pretty—she is *not*! And when she is in a temper she is frightful. Yes, frightful. My good Annola, I detest you to-day—positively I do. You are ugly, ugly! Your skin is dark and your hair is coarse and rusty. There!’

Having in a measure relieved his feelings, he returned to the piano, but found that his hands were trembling.

‘There!’ he cried, vengefully, ‘she talks so much of helping me—and this is what she does. She makes me a scene so that I cannot play a note. I will go for a walk. It is *your* fault, stupid Annola, that I shall lose an entire morning.’

He went out moodily into the brilliant sunshine, and presently was swallowed up by the woods. Once in their midst his ill-humour vanished as though by magic; and, indeed, there was enchantment in the place. Autumn was advancing by scarcely perceptible degrees, each of which, it would seem, added to her glory. The air was still warm, as in June, and yet had a savour, a sparkle not to be found amid summer languors; the foliage had assumed every variety of exquisite tint, a whole gamut of colour, from palest primrose to deepest chocolate-brown; there were strong notes of orange and amber and rose to accentuate the cadence of this silent forest music, and there was still an undertone of green holding its own like the pedal of an organ, and adding depth and richness and solemnity to the whole.

Some such fanciful thoughts flitted through Christian’s mind as he strode along under the lightly swaying boughs, and let his keen inquiring eyes pierce the mystery of the glades. Beech-mast and acorns crackled under his feet; a finch flew now and then across the track, with a flash of jewelled wings; a squirrel leaped from branch to branch overhead, and he paused a moment to watch it, and to mark the mixture of speed and grace and strength in every movement. At a little distance a bluish haze was floating up between the shining beech stems, and on coming nearer he saw two old men at work near a small wood fire. Their figures were very old and bent, and they wore blue smocks, and went about their work with great deliberation. They were repairing one of the rustic benches with which the kindly authorities have amply provided these woods, and were using for the purpose the limbs of a sturdy young fir tree; the fire was probably intended for melting their glue. Be that as it might, it looked pretty and poetical, glowing there amid the green, and sending its wavering column of smoke up amid those nobler, sturdier pillars of beech and pine.

Christian strolled idly towards them.

'You work hard, good fathers,' said he with light irony, watching their dawdling movements.

'Ach, yes, gnädiger Herr,' returned one old fellow in entire good faith. 'Yes, it is hard work, but men must live.'

'You are mending the bench, I see,' said Christian. 'So! it is fine. How long will it take you?'

The old man looked at his companion.

'Two days, perhaps,' he said, tentatively.

The other nodded.

'Two days. And when that was done, would they repair another bench?'

'Yes, to be sure, there were plenty more that wanted mending, as the gnädiger Herr could see for himself if he chose to look about him.'

'And when they are all mended?' inquired Christian seriously, 'what will you do then?'

'Then, gnädiger Herr, we shall begin to paint them.'

'And when they are all painted?' persisted the youth, turning his limpid eyes guilelessly upon them. The old man scratched his head and looked at his comrade, who looked frowningly back.

'Ach,' said the first, with a toothless, deprecating smile, 'only the lieber Gott can know what will happen then. Probably some of the benches will be damaged again.'

'First mending benches, and then painting benches, and then mending them afresh,' commented Christian to himself as he nodded and turned away, striking out for a little path that wound round the side of the hill. 'That is a life!'

He walked more briskly now, unconsciously rejoicing in his own vigorous youth. Up and up, pausing now and then to look about him. A few newly fallen leaves lay here and there like golden sprigs on the ruddy carpet of bygone days; every now and then the presence of a clump of firs announced itself by a rush of aromatic scent, and here and there, through the tall colonnades, he caught sight of stretches of undergrowth still vividly green. Often as he climbed upwards his eyes passed idly over one of the various placards by means of which the almost too thoughtful guardians of the woods had forestalled the possibility of any hapless wayfarer losing himself, or even becoming over-fatigued. Little arrows indicated the direction of this or that point of interest with irritating frequency, and were supple-

mented by an exact calculation of the number of minutes it would take to reach the spot in question. The wayfarer likewise received polite but firm instructions as to the paths in which he was permitted to walk, and the other paths in which he was by no means to ride; he was also threatened with the divers pains and penalties attached to certain acts of rashness, such as dropping lighted matches, or throwing sticks and stones into the gaily tinkling little springs. He was further informed, with tender solicitude, of the whereabouts of the different places of entertainment where he could refresh his inner man, and was altogether taken such prodigious care of, and encompassed about with so many warnings and counsels, that he might very well have felt occasionally bewildered.

Christian, as has been said, went on his way without paying much heed to these friendly admonitions; but his attention was suddenly attracted by the fact that three of these notices had successively announced that the path he was pursuing led to the Adlerskopf.

‘Do I want to go to the Adlerskopf?’ inquired Christian, coming to a standstill and looking about him. ‘Why not? They say the view is fine from there.’

He went on more rapidly, and looking about him with even keener interest. The road broadened suddenly, opening out to a sort of plateau, which was studded by gigantic oaks and fenced off at the further end, whence it descended precipitously, by a barrier of rough-hewn logs. Benches and little tables were set here and there beneath the trees, and a kind of rustic shelter, also provided with seats, afforded, doubtless, such accommodation as the good townsfolk loved when they toiled to the place in summer, laden with baskets of provisions.

But the spot was deserted now, and Christian was going forward to the fence, whence a beautiful view was obtainable over a lengthened vista of wooded hills, when he observed that the bench immediately in front of it was occupied by an imposing-looking female, who seemed to regard it as her own particular property. An open umbrella was securely tied to one end, in the shade of which she had ensconced herself; her feet were comfortably propped up on a heap of stones, and a large open work-basket lay on the seat beside her. She glanced up severely as Christian approached, and then went on with her stitching, flourishing her needle with a somewhat aggressive air.

He moved away, smiling to himself, and skirting the shelter

and leaving the path proper, struck out a track for himself across the crisp rustling leaves. By-and-by their crackling ceased, and his foot fell noiselessly on springy emerald moss. On his left a plantation of firs shut out the view of the wooden arbour, and the benches, and the severe female with the work-basket. He gave a little cry of glee. Now the woods were all his own—he would penetrate to the heart of them.

But even as he uttered this exclamation he discovered that he was not alone; there, a few paces away from him, reclining on the soft moss between the spreading roots of a large beech, was Juliet Lennox. She had taken off her hat, and was lying with her clasped hands beneath her head, looking up through the shifting branches into the heights above. As Christian advanced she sat up, blushing a little, and greeted him with a smile.

‘Are you here all alone?’ said he, dropping down beside her.

‘Not exactly alone. My maid is over there, sitting on one of the benches. I could not induce her to come here. She said she was too old to sit upon the ground, and she could not get on with her work. Poor Andrews! She thinks the day is lost if she does not do a certain amount of stitching, and I believe at this moment her heart is sore within her because she could not carry out her sewing-machine.’

‘She ought to like working in such a pretty spot,’ remarked the young man. ‘There is a lovely view from the Kopf. You liked to come here better—to be by yourself?’ he added interrogatively.

‘Yes, I came away because I wanted to try to forget I was so near the beaten track. Don’t you know what it is to want to get away from things and people—especially people? The mere sight of these placards, and the dear old oaks fenced round with stones, and the benches, and the tables, and the summer-house, all remind me so painfully of my kind. Don’t be shocked at me,’ she added, bending forward with mock earnestness, ‘but, do you know, I can’t bear my fellow-creatures.’

‘That is very discouraging to the particular fellow-creature who happens to be beside you.’

‘Oh, I don’t mean in that way,’ she cried, hastily, fearing that she had been unintentionally rude. ‘I am speaking of them *en bloc*. All the preparations for their entertainment over there conjure up the vision of crowds; and I hate crowds—don’t you?’

‘No,’ returned Christian, thoughtfully, ‘I rather like them, because I never find myself in the midst of one without feeling

that I have the power to dominate it. "Some day," I say to myself, "I will rule over you or such as you—I will be your master." I think of a great hall packed right up to the roof, all the faces turned in one direction, all the eyes bent on one man, swayed by him, responding to every emotion he chooses to call forth—and I say to myself, "I will be that man."

'There you and I differ,' said Juliet. 'I should like, of course, to have such a power, but I think I should almost feel it a kind of desecration to give my best to the multitude. I should want to keep it for just a few. I imagine,' she went on, laughing, 'that what I should like best of all would be to make my music all alone, out in the woods perhaps—only Nature about me, and the notes going out in the solitude to complete the beauty and the grandeur. Did you ever hear that little fable of Stevenson's—our Stevenson, you know, our great writer—about the stranger who comes to an unknown land, where he first wanders through a forest and falls in love with the trees, and afterwards is taken to a large city where everyone is bent on business or pleasure. "These are very stupid people," he says; "I like best the people with the green heads." Well, I like the people with the green heads best, too.'

'It would be a little difficult to carry a grand piano out into the woods, though,' remarked Christian; 'almost more difficult than to provide your maid with a sewing-machine yonder. You are most fortunate, for your art is complete in itself, and you may enjoy it anywhere.'

'My art?' repeated Juliet in surprise. 'I was not aware I had one.'

'When one can dance like you, is it not an art?' said he. 'I think it is. And on that point I have a complaint to make.'

'A complaint?'

'Yes, I feel myself aggrieved. I did my best to please you yesterday, and you did not give me a single word of thanks.'

'Didn't I? I am so sorry. But surely my father—'

'Mr. Lennox, indeed, was good enough to thank me in the same manner that one thanks the waiter who fills one's glass. "Thanks, that is enough!" Yes, I will own it—I felt distinctly slighted.'

'I am very sorry,' said Juliet, really perturbed, for beneath his light vein she detected a certain element of seriousness.

'I assure you he—I—we both were most grateful to you.'

'I did my best,' he continued, as though he had not heard

her; 'I endeavoured to be sympathetic and sustaining. I subordinated myself to you, which was the more noble of me because my anxiety to be in harmony with you, and to do you full justice, preoccupied me so much that I was deprived of the pleasure I should otherwise have had in watching you. No, it was not fair!'

'What more can I do?' cried Juliet, half laughing, half distressed. 'I have told you how grateful my father and I are to you, and how—how unintentional was any slight on our part. I thank you again most heartily, and I apologise. Are you not satisfied?'

'Not yet,' he said. 'You must make full amends by dancing for me now. Oh, you must not refuse! Why should you not dance for me as well as for Mr. Bulkeley? Dance for me and the people with the green heads.'

'There is no music,' she said, hesitating.

'No, there is not; but we can imagine the music, and everything else is perfect. This springy moss makes a most delicious floor, and the forest people are sympathetic and appreciative. Think of your own words just now, and give us of your best. One moment, if you please,' he said gravely, as, tossing aside her wide-brimmed hat, she stepped out into the midst of a little piece of level ground free of roots and thickly carpeted with moss. 'The hair must come down.'

'I don't think that is necessary,' cried she, hastily, and a little vexed.

'Pardon me, the trees and I will not be content with less than Mr. Bulkeley. The hair was loosened for him—we claim our rights.'

She pulled off the ribbon quickly and shook her hair about her.

'Remember,' he called out as she prepared to begin, 'remember you have for audience Nature in her most sympathetic mood; you yourself are just a part of the harmony of the woods.'

Whether the words inspired her, or whether the beauty of the spot and the sparkling fragrant air intoxicated her, certain it is that Juliet never danced as she danced that sunny morning. Her hair flew out about her transfigured little face, her feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground; the swaying, supple figure exhibited ever more and more grace; each movement, each attitude was more exquisite than the preceding one.

Christian smiled now and then as she turned towards him,

and was unable to repress an occasional murmur of admiration ; but she did not heed him—indeed, in a few moments she absolutely forgot his presence. He watched her at first with a suspicion of distrust, for the thought flashed across him that this assumption of indifference might possibly be feigned ; close observation would probably reveal some touch of coquetry, or at least of consciousness. But the indication for which he looked, perhaps hoped, was not forthcoming. He himself was not more absorbed in the expression of his own peculiar gift than was Juliet in hers. So he gave up analysis and abandoned himself to entire enjoyment. In after-years the scene often recurred to him : the magic circle of glowing moss ; the fronds tipped as it were with fire where the sunlight came slanting down athwart the leafy canopy, a canopy all spangled with amber and gold ; the little army of fir trees, each sending forth its own incense to greet the woodland queen ; the tall slender grasses that here and there encroached upon the moss, catching the sunlight on their fawn-coloured crests so that these were turned to flame. Stretching all about them, falling away from the plateau which they had made their own, and mounting again, and rolling away to meet the sky-line, the glowing floor of the forest—all as it seemed of burnished copper. And the silence ! The flutter of a falling leaf could be heard as it slipped from branch to branch ; but for this occasional slight sound, and the faint rustling of Juliet's draperies, the woods were absolutely still. This stillness added to the effect of unreality, of glamour, and Christian almost found himself wondering whether the ethereal floating figure before him were not after all a vision, whether the witchery to which he felt himself succumbing were not the witchery of a dream.

But she stopped all at once, and came towards him, a little shy for the first time, but laughing.

'Did you understand it all?' she asked.

He shook his head, smiling.

'Not all.'

Her face fell.

'Ah,' she said, 'of course you could not understand. I was trying to work out some new ideas—I am trying to put in some of the things I had seen here this morning. But I could not expect you to guess at them. Yet one or two were easy. Did you not recognise the squirrel?'

'The squirrel?' echoed he.

'Yes. How disappointing! I thought you would have been

sure to see what I meant by those flights and pauses and little tripping steps.'

He looked at her with a curious expression, but without speaking. Some impulse of boyish chivalry kept back the words which had rushed to his lips. Had he spoken he would have said too much. She had meanwhile been tying up her hair, and now put out her hand for her hat, which he presented to her gravely. By the time she had put it on, and again turned a radiant rosy face towards him, he had found his tongue and his self-possession.

'I thank you,' he said, 'in the name of the forest folk. I am more than rewarded—my injuries are forgotten.'

(To be continued.)

The Platform as a Political Institution.

THERE have been many definitions of democracy, from that of Mazzini, who lauded it as the government of all by all under the leadership of the best and wisest, down to that of Talleyrand, who contemned it as an aristocracy of blackguards. None of these descriptions is perfect, but they all manifest at least a portion of the truth. So much certainly may be allowed of the saying that democracy is an aristocracy of orators sometimes interrupted by the monarchy of one. The epigram sparkles, and if it does not throw light upon every aspect of a very complex question, it helps to focus the attention upon one side of popular government; the important place taken, that is to say, by a kind of oratory that belongs neither to the pulpit, to the senate, nor to the law-courts. The expression 'platform oratory' is perhaps best fitted to describe this kind of public speech, but the term must be taken in a wide sense to include all extra-Parliamentary utterances upon political affairs, whether the occasion be a popular demonstration, a mass meeting, a gathering of electors or of party delegates, a banquet, a club dinner or reception. When it is considered how large a space the 'platform,' to put it in a word, occupies in contemporary social life, it will be seen that in a very real sense a democracy may be a government of orators, who, as their talent is a rare one, must be very few in number.

The platform has become to the present generation of Englishmen so much a part of their common daily life, that it is difficult for them to realise how comparatively modern is its growth. There must be not a few persons still living who can remember the time when it was thought to be quite an extraordinary event for a Cabinet Minister to address a public meeting; and at an earlier period still a public meeting was almost unknown. Either there was no speaker who wished to address an audience, or, if there was one, there was no audience to hear him. Natural impediments or legal prohibitions barred the way. The

history of the platform is in fact an instance of the gradual development of a modern institution in accordance with the varying needs of society; and that history can perhaps best be understood by remembering that the root and origin of public oratory lies in the simple desire of civilised man to find a means to influence, to mould, to control, or to express public opinion. The means for effecting this purpose have varied from time to time in correspondence with varying conditions. Sometimes the public, or a section of it, has desired to influence or control Parliament or the Government of the day; sometimes Ministers or political party leaders have desired to influence or educate the people. In the first case the method adopted may be said to be that of expression, in the second, that of instruction. Sometimes, again, the number of persons whom it is wished to influence may be a small and select body; at other times it may be very large. It is obvious that the means employed must vary with the circumstances.

It is in the seventeenth century that the first beginnings of the platform must be sought; but these early traces of its use are very slight. That there must have been some little employment of it in a demagogic way may be inferred from the 'Characters' of Butler, the author of the ever-memorable 'Hudibras.' He describes 'A Leader of a Faction' as one who 'sets the Psalm, and all his party sing after him. He is like a figure in arithmetic, the more ciphers he stands before, the more his value amounts to. *He is a great haranguer, talks himself into authority, and, like a parrot, climbs with his beak.*' It is probable, moreover, that the first form of the platform was the conventicle or meeting-house of the Puritan or Dissenter; for Butler, in his character of 'The Seditious Man,' says that 'if he be a *preacher*, he has the advantage of all others of his tribe, for he has a way to vent sedition by wholesale.' But the platform at this time was of no practical account. Such attempts as there were outside Parliament to influence opinion were made by means of the Press—partly by the book, partly by the pamphlet, and partly by the journal. But even here there were great difficulties in the way. The reading public was small, printed matter could not be disseminated easily; the censorship—used capriciously and unfairly as it was by such a censor, for instance, as that truculent Tory journalist, Sir Roger L'Estrange—was too often a sort of literary guillotine; and Parliament and the Government of the day resented very sharply any criticism of their action. A journalist who ventured upon even the mildest terms of censure ran much risk of being called to the

bar of the House and of being fined or imprisoned. Sometimes the weighty discussions of persons in authority upon broad principles of policy incurred Parliamentary displeasure. To take a few examples out of many: Bishop Burnet's 'Pastoral Letter' and Bishop Fleetwood's 'Preface to his Sermons' were both ordered to be burned by the common hangman—a puerile mode of condemnation which lasted into the eighteenth century. In like manner Steele was expelled from the House by a Tory majority for the outspoken Whiggism of his pamphlet styled 'The Crisis'; and the publication of two sermons by that ebullient Churchman Dr. Sacheverell led to one of the most famous State trials in English history. It was not, however, until the latter half of the seventeenth century that literature, in the proper sense of the term, was in the person of Dryden really yoked into the service of politics. There can be very little doubt that as Poet-Laureate he was employed by the King and Court party—and this in Charles II.'s time practically meant the Government—to enforce and propagate the politics of the party then in power. Charles aspired to be his own Prime Minister, and in Dryden he found the most powerful agency at that time at his command. As the author of 'Absalom and Achitophel' the poet was not only the most prominent literary figure, but the greatest force in contemporary politics. There have been many writers of political verse, both grave and gay, since Dryden, but none, from Pope to Mr. Owen Seaman, have combined in the same high degree literary merit with effective political partisanship. Never has any political writer turned mere party vehemence to such tremendous and permanent results. Even now his portrait of Shaftesbury—

Dark convict, seared by History's branding curse,
And hung in chains from Dryden's lofty verse

—discoloured as it is by the bitterest party prejudice, leaves an ineffaceable impression upon the mind.

Upon the borderland of literature lies the drama; and though its potentialities as a political instrument have never entirely been ignored, they have seldom been realised in practice. Nevertheless, there are a few historical examples on record of the drama turned to political ends. It is impossible to doubt that, when Dryden wrote his 'Amboyna' for the stage, he was instigated by the Government, who wished to inflame national antipathy towards the Dutch before declaring war against them. One of the most curious incidents in English history was the political feeling

aroused by Addison's 'Cato.' As a staunch Whig, and as the friend and associate of the great Whig officials, it is possible that Addison intended to perform a party service in the production of this patriotic play. But, however that may be, both Whigs and Tories resolved to turn it to account; both claimed its sentiments as peculiarly their own. Pope in one of his letters describes how upon its first night at Drury Lane 'the numerous and violent claps of the Whig party on the one side of the theatre were echoed back by the Tories on the other,' and how Bolingbroke between the acts sent for Booth, who played the part of Cato, and gave him fifty guineas for so ably defending the cause of liberty.

Of all political agencies, however, besides the platform, the one that in England has been the most important is undoubtedly the pamphlet. A cleverly written pamphlet was almost the equivalent of a great speech by a modern political party leader. This form of literature, now so meagre, but once so influential, began to become a power in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and it was during the reigns of William III. and Anne that it may be said to have reached its golden age. Halifax, with his 'Character of a Trimmer' and his 'Letter to a Dissenter,' led the way. Then come the great names of Swift and Defoe. Swift has been called the prince of journalists, and a great journalist indeed he was; but it would be truer to say that he was the prince of pamphleteers. Defoe's work in this line was not so great as Swift's; but his 'Short Way with the Dissenters' must ever be remembered. In the reign of Anne the use of the pamphlet reached a culminating point, and as a political agency it occupied a very remarkable position. The Ministers and ex-Ministers of the day did not step into the arena and become pamphleteers themselves, but they inspired the pamphlets that other men composed. The most striking example is that of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, who, as Lord High Treasurer, led the Tories. Loving mystery, he liked to fade away from public view into the twilight, and unseen to work out his tortuous operations. With this object he employed the best pamphleteers and journalists he could command. Such was Swift and such, as has only lately been discovered, was Defoe. The hand was the hand of Harley, but the voice was usually another's. The ministry of Harley marks a phase in English political life that is unlikely to be seen again.

The pamphlet continued throughout the eighteenth century to be a great political force, and towards the close of it was raised

by the genius of Burke to a height that has never since been equalled. The 'Thoughts on Present Discontents' and the 'Reflections on the French Revolution' are not merely the fugitive creations of a day, but are imperishable literature. But in Burke's time the reign of the pamphlet was beginning to near its end, and early in the nineteenth century its place, as will be seen, began to be usurped by other agencies.

During all this time, however, that the penman was at work, the speaker was trying to make his voice more clearly heard. It was perhaps the religious revivalism of Whitefield and Wesley that first brought popular oratory into vogue and showed the tremendous possibilities of the platform in secular affairs. But public meetings for political purposes were almost unknown until the time of the Wilkes agitation in the year 1769. The indignation meeting then summoned at Mile End by the Middlesex electors has been noticed by historians as 'the first public meeting ever assembled in England,' and even if the statement were not literally true, it would be so very nearly. The meeting, at any rate, was one of the very first instances of the use of the platform for the popular expression of a grievance; it was, so to speak, the premonitory muttering of the democracy to come. It may perhaps be supposed that Parliamentary elections gave some scope for popular speaking, but such was not the case. Parliamentary seats were not frequently contested, and in most cases the electors were so few and so influenced by corrupt motives or by social pressure that there was seldom an audience to whom it was worth while for a speaker to appeal. It was also generally imagined, though perhaps with little real foundation, that meetings could only be legally summoned by a Lord-Lieutenant or a Sheriff, and that they must consist of freeholders. The first example of a platform speech made by a statesman of eminence was that of Burke at the Bristol election in 1774—and Burke was not a Minister. The speech was memorable not only for the occasion, but also for its admirable doctrine on the constitutional relations of members of Parliament and their constituents. 'Their wishes,' he said, 'ought to have great weight with him, their opinions high respect, their business unremitting attention. . . . But his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living.' It is evident that the theory of the 'mandate,' now fashionable among a certain school of politicians, would not have received much support from Burke. The first ex-Ministers to

use the platform were Lord Shelburne and Fox at a meeting of Wiltshire electors in 1780; and Fox, who sat for Westminster, at that time one of the few constituencies that were large and independent, so frequently addressed the public that he was nicknamed 'the man of the people.' The upper classes even censured him for what they seemed to have thought was a disreputable practice. And so indeed it almost actually became; for in the last decade of the eighteenth century, the Government, acting under the terror universally inspired by the French Revolution, practically crushed the platform by the Seditious Meetings Act, and it was only under the guise of clubs and debating societies that a vent could be found for some whispered expressions of opinion. Such a state of things would be ludicrous were it not painful to contemplate that so genuine an orator as the once famous but now forgotten Thelwall was reduced to the pitiful shift of disguising his political utterances under the garb of lectures on Roman History. But legislation by steam-roller is ruthless in its action.

The opening of the nineteenth century did not witness any great advance in the position of the platform, and from time to time there was more repressive legislation. But the Reform agitation gave to the movement an impetus which has never ceased. It was during the first thirty years of the century that what has been called the expressive function of the platform became general in English political life. Then it was that 'orator' Hunt, a typical demagogue, was in the hey-day of his glory. Fluent nonsense, to use Pope's expression, trickled from his tongue; but he was a significant figure in his time. No man did more to familiarise the people with the potentialities of the platform.

The only statesman of Cabinet rank who at this period ever ventured to address a public meeting was Canning; and he was probably the first Tory of any eminence who did so. When Foreign Minister, he spoke in 1823 at Plymouth on the occasion of the presentation of the freedom of the borough. The speech is still remembered for a beautiful passage in which he compared the warships at anchor 'now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness' to birds ready at the alarm to put forth their 'swelling plumage.'

After the Reform Act of 1832 the progress of the platform was made by leaps and bounds. Both Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel employed it as a medium for political manifestoes. Then the Chartist and Anti-Corn Law agitations helped to popularise

it even more. The second movement especially emphasised the instructive and didactic aspect of the platform. Hitherto its use had been in the main expressive; it was employed, that is to say, for giving vent to discontent, for making protest, for formulating popular demands. It was the favourite weapon of the demagogue, rather than the chosen instrument of the statesman who desired to expound a policy, to justify his measures, or to educate a people. But the Anti-Corn Law agitation was essentially didactic; for it required a Cobden and a Bright to demonstrate the economic truths which underlay it. The popular mind would never have grasped them alone and unassisted. It is perhaps not too much to say that in these days it is the didactic side of the platform that has become the most important. The indignation meeting—such as those caused by the Education Bill, for instance—is of course occasionally held; but, generally speaking, when a political leader, or even a less important personage, ascends the hustings, it is with the object of trying to prove that his policy is right, to instil a political doctrine, and to convert as many persons as possible to his own way of thinking. The whole spirit of the platform has, in fact, undergone a change. To say that it was once deemed scarcely respectable is no exaggeration. It was the fashion for responsible statesmen to look upon it with disfavour and disdain, and if they spoke outside the walls of Parliament they did so with an air of condescension. When Pitt, in 1805, replied as Premier to the toast of his health at the Lord Mayor's banquet, he did so in exactly two sentences: 'I return you many thanks for the honour you have done me, but Europe is not to be saved by any single man. England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, I trust, save Europe by her example.' It has been said that the use of language is to conceal thought; Pitt chose a simpler way; he concealed his thoughts outside the walls of Parliament by saying nothing.

Since then events have travelled far and fast; and a statesman who dared to imitate the brevity of Pitt would certainly have a brief career. For the time has long gone by when politics were little more than a pleasant occupation of well-bred people, and statesmen and political thinkers appealed to an audience fit though few. England, said Lord Beaconsfield, is famous for politics and sport; and the remark is true of that oligarchic age when Parliament was prorogued that its members might shoot pheasants, and Saturday sittings were abolished that Sir Robert Walpole might go hunting. It was in this congenial atmosphere

that the pamphlet—at its best a supremely intellectual exercise—greatly flourished; but as the circle of the political sphere expanded, its place was gradually usurped by the journal and the platform. But what did more than anything else to kill the pamphlet was the invention of the great periodical reviews. It was the advent of the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802 that began the new order of things and profoundly modified our political life and manners. The *Review* at once became the most powerful literary organ for influencing opinion that this country has ever seen. Jeffrey, the first editor, told Sir Walter Scott that the *Review* had two legs to stand upon, literature and politics, but that its right leg was politics—a statement fully justified by facts. Sir Walter Scott himself allowed that ‘no genteel family’ could pretend to be without it, and declared that, politically speaking, it was doing ‘incalculable harm,’ and that it disgraced its pages by ‘disgusting and deleterious doctrine.’ It was, therefore, as a kind of antidote to what John Murray, the publisher, called ‘the baneful effects’ of its ‘widely circulating and dangerous principles,’ that the *Quarterly Review* was launched in 1808, with Gifford as its editor. Then in 1824 appeared the *Westminster Review*, whose aggressive radicalism was equally opposed to both its predecessors. Afterwards the well-known monthly reviews and magazines still further hastened the declining fortunes of the pamphlet, which might well have been forgotten but for such occasional reminders as Dr. Clifford’s polemic on the Education Bill and Mr. Balfour’s open letter in reply. In a word, pamphlets appear no longer in splendid isolation, but faggoted together in bundles they form our periodical literature.

That the platform should have become the greatest political agency of modern times—even greater than the journal, which is, after all, its handmaid—is perhaps only what might have been expected. It was in the first place inevitable that, as the enfranchised grew in numbers, the readiest means both for expressing and forming their opinion should be adopted. A democracy would be merely a congeries of atoms unless its thoughts and wishes could find articulate expression; and it is round a popular leader that the ideas, vague and indeterminate, of a people may be said to crystallise themselves. Hence the need of the platform as a vehicle of expression. Still more is there need of a channel through which the statesman may reach and impress the public mind. It may be said to be the essence of popular government that the people should demand certain

social results, and that the statesman should devise the machinery whereby such results may be attained. It is for him to shape artistically the rude masses of popular desire. If democracy may be summarised in this way, there must be channels of communication between the many and the few who govern in their name; and the more complex society becomes, and the greater the need of constructive statesmanship, by so much the oftener must resort be had to the platform for discussion and for the diffusion of ideas. It is, therefore, a happy coincidence that the printing-press and shorthand-writer have come to the aid of the speaker and magnified his powers a hundred-fold. The difficulty, indeed, of Aristotle, who alleged—truly enough for his own time—that a democracy in a large State was impossible, because no brazen-voiced Stentor could be found to summon the assembly, much less to address it, has been entirely overcome. For the platform speaker may be said to stand beneath a great sounding-board or resonator, and before the sound of his words dies away, they are caught up and wafted on the wings of the journal to unseen and innumerable hearers. Byron's lines have received additional point and truth:—

But words are things; and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

The orator of modern times can exert an influence of which his ancestors never dreamed.

That so momentous a change in political life and manners should have produced some striking results is only what might have been expected; and such, in fact, has been the case. First, the centre of political gravity, so to speak, has shifted from Parliament to the country. The proceedings of the Houses have, relatively speaking, waned in interest before the great popular movements that slowly and silently ebb and flow outside their walls. It is upon the nation that the eye of the political leader, keen to detect any sign of coming change, is turned. The late Ameer of Afghanistan humorously compared the House of Commons to the Hamam or public baths, where nothing could be heard but the confused din of echoing voices, and the description was in a measure just. The reports of Parliamentary debates must often bewilder the ordinary reader. Secondly, it is evident that in order to become a political leader of the first rank, and to fill high Ministerial office, considerable oratorical gifts are needed. It will

perhaps, therefore, be of some interest to inquire very briefly into the position of our leading politicians of to-day from the point of view of platform oratory.

The inquiry is a novel one, but from an examination of the first three volumes of the *Extra-Parliamentary Hansard*,¹ which, covering a period of three years up to the end of September last, contain all the important utterances of our political leaders, it can be made with some approximation to exactness. Taking first the quantitative point of view, the following results have been obtained. It would appear that upon the Unionist side the most prolific speaker was Mr. Chamberlain, who, during this period of three years, spoke on forty-one occasions. Mr. Balfour comes next with thirty-two speeches to his credit; then follow the Duke of Devonshire with seventeen, the Marquis of Salisbury with fifteen, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Brodrick with thirteen each, and Mr. Wyndham with ten. Upon the Opposition side, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman comes first as the most voluble orator of his time, for he made no fewer than forty-six deliverances. Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, with thirty-two speeches each, and Lord Rosebery with twenty-eight, follow at quite respectful distances. Then come Sir William Harcourt with eighteen speeches, Mr. Bryce with fifteen, Sir Henry Fowler with thirteen, and Mr. Morley with twelve. It should be borne in mind, however, that the general election of 1900 was a disturbing factor in that year; that Peers were by a constitutional rule coerced into silence during the time the contest lasted; and that out of the innumerable election speeches that were delivered it was impossible to discriminate very nicely those of sufficient importance to be rescued from the oblivion of the newspaper file. Nevertheless, some broad results emerge: first, that upon the Unionist side the most popular speakers are Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour, and upon the Opposition Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Lord Rosebery. In the case of the last-named it should be noted that since his fresh plunge into politics he has greatly increased the number of his platform appearances. Secondly, it would seem that the Liberals were much more vocal than the Unionists, for whereas one hundred and ninety-six speeches were delivered by the former, only one hundred and thirty-seven, or fifty-nine fewer, were delivered by the latter. Whether this is due to the fact that an attack is usually more

¹ The *Extra-Parliamentary Hansard*, vols. i., ii., and iii., edited by George Walpole.

vehement than a defence, or to the possession by the Liberals of more oratorical ability, it is difficult to say, and happily beyond the scope of this essay to inquire. Lastly, when it is considered that these three hundred and thirty-three speeches—giving for the period in question an average of one hundred and eleven a year—were made by only fifteen persons, it will be seen to what an incalculable extent the platform has become a part of the political life of the nation. The torrent of eloquence sometimes trickles, but never entirely runs dry.

As regards quantity and volume it is possible to speak with some exactitude, but to essay a critical estimate of the quality and value of the speeches delivered is a much more difficult task. Any criticism of orations read only and not heard must necessarily be limited and imperfect. In the case of a second-rate speaker the newspaper report may cover a multitude of sins, but with a great orator the loss is immeasurably great. The effects, subtle and evanescent, of a musical voice, of graceful and animated gestures, of the indefinable charm of a magnetic personality, all disappear in the process of transcription. Many beautiful things have come to us moderns, 'blown sweetly through the flutes of the Grecians,' to use Bacon's felicitous expression, and none more so than the Homeric descriptions of the popular assembly—of Nestor 'pleasant of voice' dropping discourse 'sweeter than honey'; and of the people—spellbound by the speaker—swaying like a corn-field before the breeze, or driven like waves in the Icarian Sea. The words are as true now as on the day when they were written. But subject to these limitations the attempt can be made.

Of our present platform speakers Lord Rosebery perhaps has more than any other the qualities of greatness. He has great personal fascination; like Milton's angel, who

in Adam's ear

So charming left his voice, that he awhile

Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear,

he delights his listeners. Moreover, though he is not master of that impassioned reasoning which is the mark of great oratory, though his periods do not roll after one another like oceanic waves, he can rise to great heights of eloquence. Take, for instance, this passage on the British Empire:

'How marvellous it all is! Built not by saints and angels, but the work of men's hands; cemented with men's honest blood and with a world of tears, welded by the best brains of centuries

past; not without the taint and reproach incidental to all human work, but constructed on the whole with pure and splendid purpose. Human and yet not wholly human—for the most heedless and the most cynical must see the finger of the divine. Growing as trees grow, while others slept; fed by the faults of others as well as by the character of our fathers; reaching with the ripple of a resistless tide over tracts and islands and continents, until our little Britain wakes up to find herself the foster-mother of nations and the source of united empires. Do we not hail in this less the energy and fortune of a race than the supreme direction of the Almighty? Shall we not, while we adore the blessing, acknowledge the responsibility? And while we see, far away in the rich horizons growing generations fulfilling that promise, do we not own with resolution mingled with awe the honourable duty recumbent on ourselves?’

His similes are often in the highest degree felicitous, as, for example, where he says that ‘the United States finds itself sitting like a startled hen on a brood of unnumbered islands in the Philippine group.’ Moreover, as a coiner of phrases that bite into the memory he has few or no equals; such expressions as the ‘solitary furrow,’ the ‘clean slate,’ and ‘fly-blown phylacteries,’ are not easily forgotten.

Mr. Balfour, though not perhaps so eloquent as Lord Rosebery, is often weightier in matter, and sometimes his equal in delicacy of wit. For what Matthew Arnold called ‘insolence not disjoined from politeness,’ he can hardly be surpassed. A lambent geniality seems to play about his words. The following passage on Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is perfect in its way:

‘Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman’s own course reminds me, indeed, of many rivers that I have looked at flowing slowly and sluggishly though some alluvial plain. They first take a turn, meet with some unexpected obstacle, then the whole current turns round, and thus slowly pursues its devious course, stained and coloured by each bank which it touches in its turn, its turbid waters finally flowing in some indeterminate direction on to the quick-sands at the mouth. . . .’

Excellent, too, is his description of Lord Rosebery as retiring ‘into a political penumbra, neither in complete shadow nor in complete light’; and of the Liberal Imperialists, of whom he says that, ‘their old Liberal garments having been torn to shreds and tatters, these unfortunate persons are obliged to conceal their political rags in the ample folds of the Union Jack.’

Mr. Chamberlain as a master of passionless and incisive argumentation has no equal, and as a maker of phrases he is the rival of Lord Rosebery. His expression 'the policy of pin-pricks,' his warning to foreign nations to 'mend their manners,' his advice to use 'the long spoon' in diplomacy with Russia, are illustrations of his talents in this direction. His raillery is not so urbane as Mr. Balfour's, but it is often humorous; as, for instance, where he says that the Imperialism of the Opposition 'is an admirable thing for election time, splendid in theory, but when you come to practise it it always ends in scuttle'; or where he compares Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to Mr. Pickwick, who always shouts with the largest mob; or says of one of Sir Henry's speeches that 'he has been trying to wriggle out of it ever since the election began, like a beetle upon an entomologist's pin.' It is perhaps in the narrower sphere of mere party dialectics that Mr. Chamberlain is at his best.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Asquith, all maintain a high level, but they do not often soar; their wit occasionally glimmers but seldom sparkles. Sir Henry, however, can be humorous at times, as where he likens Sir Michael Hicks-Beach to 'a signpost which points the way you ought not to go, but which does nothing whatever to bar your progress,' or Mr. Chamberlain to 'a pushing bagman decrying his rivals' goods and by any means in the world finding a sale for his own.' As the inventor of the phrases 'political tabernacle' and 'government by steam-roller' he has also some claim to be remembered. It is not often that Sir William Harcourt is anything but grave, but that he has a vein of humour anyone who reads the following passage on younger sons will readily allow:

'He (*i.e.*, Mr. Brodrick) said that if I had not been a younger son I should probably have been a Tory. I cannot be sufficiently grateful to Providence, who from my earliest birth saved me from that danger. It is what you might call political predestination. The old Savoy song says that every child alive is born either a Liberal or else a Conservative, and it appears that the elder sons are born Conservatives and the younger sons become naturally Liberals. That is a satisfactory condition of things, because by the law of Nature we younger sons are in the majority; and I hope I am addressing a great number of younger sons. My brother, to whom I was greatly attached, was the elder and I was the younger son; and we naturally had different political ideas. He one day said to me, "My dear fellow, you have no landed

ideas." I said, "No, I have not; that is very natural. You have got the land, and why should I not have the ideas?"

Mr. Morley is not a frequent speaker, but there is perhaps no one who is better worth attention; for his utterances, whether you agree with them or not, are always distinguished in thought and expression. He does not often contribute to the gaiety of nations, and therefore such a witticism as his description of Liberal Imperialism as 'Chamberlain wine with a Rosebery label' comes with a sense of agreeable surprise. But his speeches are valuable for their independence and detachment, and for their intellectual 'white light.' In some kinds of oratory he reaches supreme excellence; the speech, for example, that he delivered at the unveiling of Mr. Gladstone's statue at Manchester is a masterpiece of encomiastic eloquence. Nothing could be better than his description of Mr. Gladstone's intellectual power, 'The glow of his moral genius,' or of his physical gifts, 'which seem to incase a soul of fire in a frame of pliant steel'; or this passage on his outlook on the world:

'The thought with which he rose in the morning and went to rest at night was of the universe as a sublime moral theatre in which the Omnipotent Dramaturgist used kingdoms and rulers, laws and policies, to exhibit a sovereign purpose for good, to light up what I may call the prose of politics with a ray from the diviner mind, and this exalted his ephemeral discourses into a sort of visible relation with the counsels of all time.'

Yet, after all, a perusal of the political speeches of our time fails upon the whole to satisfy the reader. He feels that too large a part of them is taken up in the attempts of the speakers to 'score points' off their political opponents. It is all, doubtless, very clever, but when he seeks for fresh knowledge, for new truths, or for old ones looked at from new and suggestive points of view, he has to look carefully and long. Lord Salisbury occasionally gives an illuminating flash, as he did with regard to missionary enterprise in China. Mr. Balfour, again, has had something instructive to say about Parliamentary procedure, the position of the Premier, and party government. But these are exceptional examples. The conclusion, upon the whole, may be not unfairly drawn that, while there is to-day a good deal of very able speaking, there is not much oratory that can be properly styled great. It is not by an aristocracy but by an oligarchy of orators that the British democracy is governed.

C. B. ROYLANCE KENT.

The Dane's Breechin'.

PART I.

THE story begins at the moment when my brother Robert and I had made our final arrangements for the expedition. These were considerable. Robert is a fisherman who takes himself seriously (which perhaps is fortunate, as he rarely seems to take anything else), and his paraphernalia does credit to his enthusiasm, if not to his judgment. For my part, being an amateur artist, I had strapped together a collection of painting materials that would enable me to record my inspiration in oil, water-colour, or pastel, as the spirit might move me. We had ordered a car from Coolahan's public-house in the village; an early lunch was imminent.

The latter depended upon Julia; in fact, it would be difficult to mention anything at Wavecrest Cottage that did not depend on Julia. We, who were but strangers and sojourners (the cottage with the beautiful name having been lent to us, with Julia, by an Aunt), felt that our very existence hung upon her clemency. How much more, then, luncheon, at the revolutionary hour of a quarter to one? Even courageous people are afraid of other people's servants, and Robert and I were far from being courageous. Possibly this is why Julia treated us with compassion, even with kindness, especially Robert.

'Ah, poor Masther Robert!' I have heard her say to a friend in the kitchen, who was fortunately hard of hearing, 'ye wouldn't feel him in the house no more than a feather! An' indeed, as for the two o' thim, sich gallopers never ye seen! It's hardly they'd come in the house to throw the wet boots off them! Thim'd gallop the woods all night like the deer!'

At half-past twelve, all, as I have said, being in train, I went to the window to observe the weather, and saw a covered car with a black horse plodding along the road that separated Wavecrest

Cottage from the seashore. At our modest entrance gates it drew up, and the coachman climbed from his perch with a dignity befitting his flowing grey beard and the silver band on his hat.

A covered car is a vehicle peculiar to the South of Ireland; it resembles a two-wheeled waggonette with a windowless black box on top of it. Its mouth is at the back, and it has the sinister quality of totally concealing its occupants until the irrevocable moment when it is turned and backed against your front door steps. For this moment my brother Robert and I did not wait. A short passage and a flight of steps separated us from the kitchen; beyond the steps, and facing the kitchen door, a door opened into the garden. Robert slipped up heavily in the passage as we fled, but gained the garden door undamaged. The hall door bell pealed at my ear; I caught a glimpse of Julia, pounding chops with the rolling pin.

'Say we're out,' I hissed to her—'gone out for the day! We are going into the garden!'

'Sure ye needn't give yerself that much trouble,' replied Julia affably, as she snatched a grimy cap off a nail.

Nevertheless, in spite of the elasticity of Julia's conscience, the garden seemed safer.

In the garden, a plot of dense and various vegetation, decorated with Julia's lingerie, we awaited the sound of the departing wheels. But nothing departed. The breathless minutes passed, and then, through the open drawing-room window, we were aware of strange voices. The drawing-room window overlooked the garden thoroughly and commandingly. There was not a moment to lose. We plunged into the raspberry canes, and crouched beneath their embowered arches, and the fulness of the situation began to sink into our souls.

Through the window we caught a glimpse of a white beard and a portly black suit, of a black bonnet and a dolman that glittered with jet, of yet another black bonnet.

With Aunt Dora's house we had taken on, as it were, her practice, and the goodwill of her acquaintance. The Dean of Glengad and Mrs. Doherty were the very apex and flower of the latter, and in the party now installed in Aunt Dora's drawing-room I unhesitatingly recognised them, and Mrs. Doherty's sister, Miss McEvoy. Miss McEvoy was an elderly lady of the class usually described as being 'not all there.' The expression, I imagine, implies a regret that there should not be more. As, however, what there was of Miss McEvoy was chiefly remarkable

for a monstrous appetite and a marked penchant for young men, it seems to me mainly to be regretted that there should be as much of her as there is.

A drive of nine miles in the heat of a June morning is not undertaken without a sustaining expectation of luncheon at the end of it. There were in the house three mutton chops to meet that expectation. I communicated all these facts to my brother. The consternation of his face, framed in raspberry boughs, was a picture not to be lightly forgotten. At such a moment, with everything depending on sheer nerve and resourcefulness, to consign Julia to perdition was mere self-indulgence on his part, but I suppose it was inevitable. Here the door into the garden opened and Julia came forth, with a spotless apron and a face of elaborate unconcern. She picked a handful of parsley, her black eyes questing for us among the bushes; they met mine, and a glance more alive with conspiracy it has not been my lot to receive. She moved desultorily towards us, gathering green gooseberries in her apron.

'I told them the two o' ye were out,' she murmured to the gooseberry bushes. 'They axed when would ye be back. I said ye went to town on the early thrain and wouldn't be back till night.'

Decidedly Julia's conscience could stand alone.

'With that then,' she continued, 'Miss McEvoy lands into the hall, an' "O Letitia," says she, "those must be the gentleman's fishing rods!" and then "Julia!" says she, "could ye give us a bit o' lunch?" That one's the imp!'

'Look here!' said Robert hoarsely, and with the swiftness of panic, 'I'm off! I'll get out over the back wall.'

At this moment Miss McEvoy put her head out of the drawing-room window and scanned the garden searchingly. Without another word we glided through the raspberry arches like departing fairies in a pantomime. The kindly lilac and laurustinus bushes grew tall and thick at the end of the garden; the wall was high, but, as is usual with fruit-garden walls, it had a well-worn feasible corner that gave on to the lane leading to the village.

We flung ourselves over it, and landed breathless and dishevelled, but safe, in the heart of the bed of nettles that plumed the common village ash-heap. Now that we were able, temporarily at all events, to call our souls our own, we (or rather I) took further stock of the situation. Its horrors continued to sink in. Driven from home without so much as a hat to lay our heads in; separated from those we loved most (the mutton chops, the

painting material, the fishing tackle); a promising expedition of unusual charm, cut off, so to speak, in the flower of its youth—these were the more immediately obvious of the calamities which we now confronted. I preached upon them, with Cassandra eloquence, while we stood, indeterminate, among the nettles.

‘And what, I ask you,’ I said, perorating, ‘what on the face of the earth are we to do now?’

‘Oh, it’ll be all right, my dear girl,’ said Robert easily. Gratitude for his escape from the addresses of Miss McEvoy had apparently blinded him to the difficulties of the future. ‘There’s Coolahan’s pub. We’ll get something to eat there—you’ll see it’ll be all right.’

‘But,’ I said, picking my way after him among the rusty tins and the broken crockery, ‘the Coolahans will think we’re mad! We’ve no hats, and we can’t tell them about the Dohertys.’

‘I don’t care what they think,’ said Robert.

What Mrs. Coolahan may have thought, as we dived from the sunlight into her dark and porter-sodden shop, did not appear; what she looked was consternation.

‘Luncheon!’ she repeated with stupefaction, ‘luncheon! The dear help us, I have no luncheon for the like o’ ye!’

‘Oh, anything will do,’ said Robert cheerfully. His experiences at the London bar had not instructed him in the commissariat of his country. ‘A bit of cold beef, or just some bread and cheese.’

Mrs. Coolahan’s bleared eyes rolled wildly to mine, as seeking sympathy and sanity.

‘With the will o’ Pether!’ she exclaimed, ‘How would I have cold beef! And as for cheese—!’ She paused, and then, curiosity overpowering all other emotions, ‘What ails Julia Cronelly at all that your honour’s ladyship is comin’ to the like o’ this dirty place for your dinner?’

‘Oh, Julia’s run away with a soldier!’ struck in Robert brilliantly.

‘Small blame to her if she did itself!’ said Mrs. Coolahan, gallantly accepting the jest without a change of her enormous countenance, ‘she’s a long time waiting for the chance! Maybe ourselves’d go if we were axed! I have a nice bit of salt pork in the house,’ she continued, ‘Would I give your honours a rasher of it?’

Mrs. Coolahan had probably assumed that either Julia was incapable drunk, or had been dismissed without benefit of clergy;

at all events she had recognised that diplomatically it was correct to change the conversation.

We ventured ourselves into the unknown recesses of the house, and sat gingerly on greasy, horsehair-seated chairs in the parlour, while the bubbling cry of the rasher and eggs arose to heaven from the frying-pan, and the reek filled the house as with a grey fog. Potent as it was, it but faintly foreshadowed the flavour of the massive slices that presently swam in briny oil on our plates. But we had breakfasted at eight; we tackled them with determination, and without too nice inspection of the three-pronged forks. We drank porter, we achieved a certain sense of satiety that on very slight provocation would have broadened into nausea or worse. All the while the question remained in the balance as to what we were to do for our hats, and for the myriad baggage involved in the expedition.

We finally decided to write a minute inventory of what was indispensable, and to send it to Julia by the faithful hand of Mrs. Coolahan's car-driver, one Croppy, with whom previous expeditions had placed us upon intimate terms. It would be necessary to confide the position to Croppy, but this, we felt, could be done without a moment's uneasiness.

By the malignity that governed all things on that troublous day, neither of us had a pencil, and Mrs. Coolahan had to be appealed to. That she had by this time properly grasped the position was apparent in the hoarse whisper in which she said, carefully closing the door after her:

'The Dane's coachman is inside!'

Simultaneously Robert and I removed ourselves from the purview of the door.

'Don't be afraid,' said our hostess reassuringly, 'he'll never see ye—sure I have him safe back in the snug! Is it a writing pin ye want, Miss?' she continued, moving to the door. 'Katty Ann! Bring me in the pin out o' the office!'

The Post Office was, it may be mentioned, a department of the Coolahan public-house, and was managed by a committee of the younger members of the Coolahan family. These things are all, I believe, illegal, but they happen in Ireland. The committee was at present, apparently, in full session, judging by the flood of conversation that flowed in to us through the open door. The request for the pen caused an instant hush, followed, at an interval, by the slamming of drawers, and other sounds of search.

'Ah, what's on ye delaying this way?' said Mrs. Coolahan

irritably, advancing into the shop. 'Sure I seen the pin with Helayna this morning.'

At the moment all that we could see of the junior postmistress was her long bare shins, framed by the low-browed doorway, as she stood on the counter to further her researches on a top shelf.

'The Lord look down in pity on me this day!' said Mrs. Coolahan, in exalted and bitter indignation, 'or on any poor creature that's striving to earn her living and has the likes o' ye to be thrusting to!'

We here attached ourselves to the outskirts of the search, which had by this time drawn into its vortex a couple of countrywomen with shawls over their heads, who had hitherto sat in decorous but observant stillness in the background. Katty Ann was rapidly examining tall bottles of sugar-stick, accustomed receptacles apparently for the pen. Helayna's raven fringe showed traces of a dive into the flour-bin. Mrs. Coolahan remained motionless in the midst, her eyes fixed on the ceiling, an exposition of suffering and of eternal remoteness from the ungodly.

We were now aware for the first time of the presence of Mr. Coolahan, a taciturn person, with a blue-black chin and a gloomy demeanour.

'Where had ye it last?' he demanded.

'I seen Katty Ann with it in the cow-house, sir,' volunteered a small female Coolahan from beneath the flap of the counter.

Katty Ann, with a vindictive eye at the tell-tale, vanished.

'That the Lord Almighty might take me to Himself!' chanted Mrs. Coolahan. 'Such a mee-aw! Such a thing to happen to me—the pure, decent woman! G'wout!' This, the imperative of the verb to retire, was hurtled at the tell-tale, who, presuming on her services, had incautiously left the covert of the counter, and had laid a sticky hand on her mother's skirts.

'Only that some was praying for me,' pursued Mrs. Coolahan, 'it might as well be the Inspector that came in the office, asking for the pin, an' if that was the way we might all go under the sod! Sich a meeaw!'

'Musha! Musha!' breathed, prayerfully, one of the shawled women.

At this juncture I mounted on an up-ended barrel to investigate a promising lair above my head, and from this altitude was unexpectedly presented with a bird's-eye view of a hat with a silver band inside the railed and curtained 'snug.' I descended

swiftly, not without an impression of black bottles on the snug table, and Katty Ann here slid in from the search in the cow-house.

'Twasn't in it,' she whined, 'nor I didn't put it in it.'

'For a pinny I'd give ye a slap in the jaw!' said Mr. Coolahan with sudden and startling ferocity.

'That the Lord Almighty might take me to Himself!' reiterated Mrs. Coolahan, while the search spread upwards through the house.

'Look here!' said Robert abruptly, 'this business is going on for a week. I'm going for the things myself.'

Neither I nor my remonstrances overtook him till he was well out into the street. There, outside the Coolahan door, was the Dean's inside car, resting on its shafts; while the black horse, like his driver, restored himself elsewhere beneath the Coolahan roof. Robert paid no heed to its silent warning.

'I must go myself. If I had forty pencils I couldn't explain to Julia the flies that I want!'

There comes, with the most biddable of men, a moment when argument fails, the moment of dead pull, when the creature perceives his own strength, and the astute will give in, early and imperceptibly, in order that he may not learn it beyond forgetting.

The only thing left to be done now was to accompany Robert, to avert what might be irretrievable disaster. It was now half-past one, and the three mutton chops and the stewed gooseberries must have long since yielded their uttermost to our guests. The latter would therefore have returned to the drawing-room, where it was possible that one or more of them might go to sleep. Remembering that the chops were loin-chops, we might at all events hope for some slight amount of lethargy. Again we waded through the nettles, we scaled the garden-wall, and worked our way between it and the laurustinus towards the door opposite the kitchen. There remained between us and the house an open space of about fifteen yards, fully commanded by the drawing-room window, veiling which, however, the lace curtains met in reassuring stillness. We rushed the interval, and entered the house softly. Here we were instantly met by Julia, with her mouth full, and a cup of tea in her hand. She drew us into the kitchen.

'Where are they, Julia?' I whispered. 'Have they had lunch?'

'Is it lunch?' replied Julia, through bread and butter; 'there isn't a bit in the house but they have it ate! And the eggs I had for the fast day for myself, didn't That One'—I knew this to indicate Miss McEvoy—'ax an omelette from me when she seen she had no more to get!'

'Are they out of the dining-room?' broke in Robert.

'Faith they are. 'Twas no good for them to stay in it! That One's lying up on the sofa in the dhrawing-room like any owld dog, and the Dane and Mrs. Doherty's dhrinking hot water—they have bad shtomachs, the craytures.'

Robert opened the kitchen door and crept towards the dining-room, wherein, not long before the alarm, had been gathered all the essentials of the expedition. I followed him. I have never committed a burglary, but since the moment when I creaked past the drawing-room door, foretasting the instant when it would open, my sympathies are dedicated to burglars.

In two palpitating journeys we removed from the dining-room our belongings, and placed them in the kitchen; silence, fraught with dire possibilities, still brooded over the drawing-room. Could they all be asleep, or was Miss McEvoy watching us through the keyhole? There remained only my hat, which was upstairs, and at this, the last moment, Robert remembered his fly-book, left under the clock in the dining-room. I again passed the drawing-room in safety, and got upstairs, Robert effecting at the same moment his third entry into the dining-room. I was in the act of thrusting in the second hat pin when I heard the drawing-room door open. I admit that, obeying the primary instinct of self-preservation, my first impulse was to lock myself in; it passed, aided by the recollection that there was no key. I made for the landing, and from thence viewed, in a species of trance, Miss McEvoy crossing the hall and entering the dining-room. A long and deathly pause followed. She was a small woman; had Robert strangled her? After two or three horrible minutes a sound reached me, the well-known rattle of the side-board drawer. All, then, was well—Miss McEvoy was probably looking for the biscuits, and Robert must have escaped in time through the window. I took my courage in both hands and glided downstairs. As I placed my foot on the oilcloth of the hall, I was confronted by the nightmare spectacle of my brother creeping towards me on all-fours through the open door of the dining-room, and then, crowning this already over-loaded moment, there arose a series of yells from Miss McEvoy as blood-curdling as they were excus-

able, yet, as even in my maniac flight to the kitchen I recognised, something muffled by Marie biscuit.

It seems to me that the next incident was the composite and shattering collision of Robert, Julia, and myself in the scullery doorway, followed by the swift closing of the scullery-door upon us by Julia. Then the voice of the Dean of Glengad, demanding from the house at large an explanation, in a voice of cathedral severity. Miss McEvoy's reply was to us about as coherent as the shrieks of a parrot, but we plainly heard Julia murmur in the kitchen: 'May the devil choke ye!'

Then again the Dean, this time near the kitchen door. 'Julia! Where is the man who was secreted under the dinner-table?'

I gripped Robert's arm. The issues of life and death were now in Julia's hands.

'Is it who was in the dining-room, your Reverence?' asked Julia, in tones of respectful honey; 'sure that was the carpenter's boy, that came to quinch a rat-hole. Sure we're destroyed with rats.'

'But,' pursued the Dean, raising his voice to overcome Miss McEvoy's continuous screams of explanation to Mrs. Doherty, 'I understand that he left the room on his hands and knees. He must have been drunk!'

'Ah, not at all, your Reverence,' replied Julia, with almost compassionate superiority, 'sure that poor boy is the gentlest crayture ever came into a house. I suppose 'tis what it was he was ashamed like when Miss McEvoy commenced to screech, and faith he never stopped nor stayed till he ran out of the house like a wild goose!'

We heard the Dean reascend the kitchen steps, and make a statement of which the words 'drink' and 'Dora' alone reached us. The drawing-room door closed, and in the release from tension I sank heavily down upon a heap of potatoes. The wolf of laughter that had been gnawing at my vitals broke loose.

'Why did you go out of the room on your hands and knees?' I moaned, rolling in anguish on the potatoes.

'I got under the table when I heard the brute coming,' said Robert, with the crossness of reaction from terror, 'then she settled down to eat biscuits, and I thought I could crawl out without her seeing me——'

'*Ye can come out!*' said Julia's mouth, appearing at a crack of the scullery door, 'I have as many lies told for ye—God forgive me!—as'd bog a noddie!'

This mysterious contingency might have impressed us more had the artist been able to conceal her legitimate pride in her handiwork. We emerged from the chill and varied smells of the scullery, retaining just sufficient social self-control to keep us from flinging ourselves with grateful tears upon Julia's neck. Shaken as we were, the expedition still lay open before us; the game was in our hands. We were winning by tricks, and Julia held all the honours.

PART II.

PERHAPS it was the clinging memory of the fried pork, perhaps it was because all my favourite brushes were standing in a mug of soft soap on my washing stand, or because Robert had in his flight forgotten to replenish his cigarette case, but there was no doubt that the expedition languished.

There was no fault to be found with the setting. The pool in which the river coiled itself under the pine-trees was black and brimming, the fish were rising at the flies that wrought above it, like a spotted net veil in hysterics, the distant hills lay in sleepy undulations of every shade of blue, the grass was warm, and not unduly peopled with ants. But some impalpable blight was upon us. I ranged like a lost soul along the banks of the river—a lost soul that is condemned to bear a burden of some two stone of sketching materials, and a sketching umbrella with a defective joint—in search of a point of view that for ever eluded me. Robert cast his choicest flies, with delicate quiverings, with coquettish withdrawals; had they been cannon-balls they could hardly have had a more intimidating effect upon the trout. Where Robert fished a Sabbath stillness reigned, beyond that charmed area they rose like notes of exclamation in a French novel. I was on the whole inclined to trace these things back to the influence of the pork, working on systems weakened by shock; but Robert was not in the mood to trace them to anything. Unsuccessful fishermen are not fond of introspective suggestions. The member of the expedition who enjoyed himself beyond any question was Mrs. Coolahan's car-horse. Having been taken out of the shafts on the road above the river, he had with his harness on his back, like Horatius, unhesitatingly lumbered over a respectable bank and ditch in the wake of Croppy, who

had preceded him with the reins. He was now grazing luxuriously along the river's edge, while his driver smoked, no less luxuriously, in the background.

'Will I carry the box for ye, Miss?' Croppy inquired compassionately, stuffing his lighted pipe into his pocket, as I drifted desolately past him. 'Sure you're killed with the load you have! This is a rough owld place for a lady to be walkin'. Sit down, Miss. God knows you have a right to be tired.'

It seemed that with Croppy also the day was dragging: doubtless he too had lunched on Mrs. Coolahan's pork. He planted my camp-stool and I sank upon it.

'Well now, for all it's so troublesome,' he resumed, 'I'd say painting was a nice thrade. There was a gintleman here one time that was a painther—I used to be dhrivin' him. Faith! there wasn't a place in the counthry but he had it pathrolled. He seen me mother one day—cleaning fish I b'lieve she was, below on the quay—an' nothing would howld him but he should dhrav out her picture!' Croppy laughed unfilially. 'Well, me mother was mad. "To the devil I pitch him!" says she; "if I wants me photograph drew out I'm liable to pay for it," says she, "an' not to be stuck up before the ginthry to be ped for the like o' that!" "Tis for you bein' so handsome!" says I to her. She was black mad altogether then. "If that's the way," says she, "it's a wondher he wouldn't ax yerself, ye rotten little rat," says she, "in place of thrying could he make a show of yer poor little ugly little cock-nosed mother!" "Faith!" says I to her, "I wouldn't care if the devil himself axed it, if he give me a half-crown and nothing to do but to be sittin' down!"'

The tale may or may not have been intended to have a personal application, but Croppy's fat scarlet face and yellow moustache bristling beneath a nose which he must have inherited from his mother, did not lend themselves to a landscape background, and I fell to fugitive pencil sketches of the old white car-horse as he grazed round us. It was thus that I first came to notice a fact whose bearing upon our fortunes I was far from suspecting. The old horse's harness was of dingy brown leather, with dingier brass mountings; it had been frequently mended, in varying shades of brown, and, in remarkable contrast to the rest of the outfit, the breeching was of solid and well-polished black leather, with silver buckles. It was not so much the discrepancy of the breeching as its respectability that jarred upon me; finally I commented upon it to Croppy.

His cap was tilted over the maternal nose, he glanced at me sideways from under its peak.

'Sure the other breechin' was broke, and if that owld shkin was to go the lin'th of himself without a breechin' on him he'd break all before him! There was some fellas took him to a funeral one time without a breechin' on him, an' whin he seen the hearse what did he do but rise up in the sky.'

Wherein lay the moral support of a breeching in such a contingency it is hard to say. I accepted the fact without comment, and expressed a regret that we had not been indulged with the entire set of black harness.

Croppy measured me with his eye, grinned bashfully, and said:

'Sure it's the Dane's breechin' we have, Miss! I daresay he'd hardly get home at all if we took any more from him!'

The Dean's breeching! For an instant a wild confusion of ideas deprived me of the power of speech. I could only hope that Croppy had left him his gaiters! Then I pulled myself together.

'Croppy,' I said in consternation, 'how did you get it? Did you borrow it from the coachman?'

'Is it the coachman!' said Croppy tranquilly. 'I did not, Miss. Sure he was asleep in the snug.'

'But can they get home without it?'

A sudden alarm chilled me to the marrow.

'Arrah, why not, Miss? That black horse of the Dane's wouldn't care if there was nothing at all on him!'

I heard Robert reeling in his line—had he a fish? or, better still, had he made up his mind to go home?

As a matter of fact, neither was the case; Robert was merely fractious, and in that particular mood when he wished to have his mind imperceptibly made up for him, while prepared to combat any direct suggestion. From what quarter the ignoble proposition that we should go home arose, is immaterial. It is enough to say that Robert believed it to be his own, and that, before he had time to reconsider the question, the tactful Croppy had crammed the old white horse into the shafts of the car.

It was by this time past five o'clock, and a threatening range of clouds was rising from seaward across the west. Things had been against us from the first, and if the last stone in the sling of Fate was that we were to be wet through before we got home, it would be no more than I expected. The old horse, however,

addressed himself to the eight Irish miles that lay between him and home with unexpected vivacity. We swung in the ruts, we shook like jellies on the merciless patches of broken stones, and Croppy stimulated the pace with weird whistlings through his teeth, and heavy prods with the butt of his whip in the region of the borrowed breeching.

Now that the expedition had been shaken off, and cast behind us, the humbler possibilities of the day began to stretch out alluring hands. There was the new box from the library; there was the afternoon post; there was a belated tea, with a peaceful fatigue to endear all. We reached at last the welcome turn that brought us into the coast road. We were but three miles now from that happy home from which we had been driven forth, years ago as it seemed, at such desperate hazard. We drove pleasantly along the road at the top of the cliffs. The wind was behind us; a rising tide plunged and splashed far below. It was already raining a little, enough to justify our sagacity in leaving the river, enough to lend a touch of passion to the thought of home and Julia.

The grey horse began to lean back against the borrowed breeching, the chains of the traces clanked loosely. We had begun the long zig-zag slant down to the village. We swung gallantly round the sharp turn half-way down the hill.

And there, not fifty yards away, was the Dean's inside car, labouring slowly, inevitably, up to meet us. Even in that stupefying moment I was aware that the silver-banded hat was at a most uncanonical angle. Behind me on the car was stowed my sketching umbrella; I tore it from the retaining embrace of the campstool, and unfurled its unwieldy tent with a speed that I have never since achieved. Robert, on the far side of the car, was reasonably safe. The inestimable Croppy quickened up. Cowering beneath the umbrella, I awaited the crucial moment at which to shift its protection from the side to the back. The sound of the approaching wheels told me that it had almost arrived, and then, suddenly, without a note of warning, there came a scurry of hoofs, a grinding of wheels, and a confused outcry of voices. A violent jerk nearly pitched me off the car, as Croppy dragged the white horse into the opposite bank; the umbrella flew from my hand and revealed to me the Dean's bearded coachman sitting on the road scarcely a yard from my feet, uttering large and drunken shouts, while the covered car hurried back towards the village with the unforgettable yell of Miss McEvoy bursting from its

curtained rear. The black horse was not absolutely running away, but he was obviously alarmed, and with the long hill before him anything might happen.

'They're dead! They're dead!' said Croppy, with philosophic calm; 'twas the parasol started him.'

As he spoke, the black horse stumbled, the laden car ran on top of him like a landslip, and, with an abortive flounder, he collapsed beneath it. Once down, he lay, after the manner of his kind, like a dead thing, and the covered car, propped on its shafts, presented its open mouth to the heavens. Even as I sped headlong to the rescue in the wake of Robert and Croppy, I foreknew that Fate had after all been too many for us, and when, an instant later, I seated myself in the orthodox manner upon the black horse's winker, and perceived that one of the shafts was broken, I was already, in spirit, making up beds with Julia for the reception of the party.

To this mental picture the howls of Miss McEvoy during the process of extraction from the covered car lent a pleasing reality.

Only those who have been in a covered car in similar circumstances can at all appreciate the difficulty of getting out of it. It has once, in the streets of Cork, happened to me, and I can only compare it to escaping from the cabin of a yacht without the aid of a companion ladder. From Robert I can only collect the facts that the door jammed, and that, at a critical juncture, Miss McEvoy had put her arms round his neck.

The programme that Fate had ordained was carried out to its ultimate item. The party from the Deanery of Glengad spent the night at Wavecrest Cottage, attired by subscription, like the converts of a Mission; I spent it in the attic, among trunks of Aunt Dora's old clothes, and rats; Robert, who throughout had played an unworthy part, in the night mail to Dublin, called away for twenty-four hours on a pretext that would not have deceived an infant of a week old.

Croppy was firm and circumstantial in laying the blame on me and the sketching umbrella.

'Sure I seen the horse wondhering at it an' he comin' up the hill to us. 'Twas that turned him.'

The dissertation, in which the Dean's venerable coachman made the entire disaster hinge upon the theft of the breeching, was able, but cannot conveniently be here set down.

For my own part, I hold with Julia.

'Twas Helayna gave the dhrink to the Dane's coachman! The low cursed thing! There isn't another one in the place that'd do it! I'm told the priest was near breaking his umbrella on her over it.'

E. C. E. SOMERVILLE AND MARTIN ROSS.

Mere Words.

‘**J**ERRY ABERSHAW! Jerry Abershaw! Jerry Abershaw!’ cries Robert Louis Stevenson in one of his familiar letters; rolling the syllables under his pen in a kind of ecstasy. ‘The two most lovely words in English. Jerry Abershaw! D——n it, sir, it is a poem.’

Jerry Abershaw! So it is.

Here is the essence of romance, the cloaked night-riding horseman of his childish nightmares come staring to light in five syllables.

The perfection of Stevenson’s workmanship, the true professional method in all he wrote, is shown as much by his keen appreciation of the value of well-sounding words in their places as in the construction of the nearly faultless sentences in which he sets them; that ‘delicate inlay work in black and white’ which seems to have inspired Mr. Kipling with the happy expression he uses to describe it.

Sound and apposite connection, and the subtlest pregnancy of meaning—all must be patiently sought. No mere substitute will fit the artistic temper.

‘I ken the word now—it’s “hantle,”’ cries the sentimental hero of a fellow Scot, bursting suddenly, triumphant, on the assembled elders in Thrums schoolroom; his spirit on wings above the sorrows of failure and an unfinished essay.

An hour’s kicking and jibbing at a small obstacle, sixty weary minutes’ brain winnowing, but the right word at last.

Half a dozen several words may convey nearly the same impression in a given context; but to seek laboriously and choose instinctively the one which alone reflects through a sentence all the fine lights of required meaning, that fits appropriately like a cut jewel in a worthy setting, and *looks* as well in keeping—that is Art unaffected.

If we were compelled by law to use right and handsome words

in their due places what a deal of bad prose the world would be spared. But who shall decide? What is meat to one man's mind may be, in words as in books, another's poison.

A good book is, after all, but a collection of proper words well arranged, and a bad one the like of bad words ill sorted; and a man of a certain temperament may love words as he does books; not only for their meaning, value, or effect, but *for themselves*.

For myself I can sit for an idle half hour, at any time contentedly gazing at the speaking backs of my too small library; not wishing in the least, for the time being, to vary my pleasure by a re-investigation of their interiors.

There is no pleasanter filling for a wall to the kindly eye than a well-known bookshelf. The books of this especial little sub-collection should be old friends, or such as have been dipped into and foretasted, and so set aside for future pleasures. The labels will suffice then for a mental diet at odd times, a light hurried meal, more stimulant than feeding.

A good bold title, and appropriate binding, new or time-worn—but the latter for preference—and memory or anticipation catches us into a gentle reverie.

I have sometimes had a mind to pin up on the wall by the bookcase, opposite my easiest chair, a boldly written list of fine words and names of men or places, for a like use; cry 'Jerry Abershaw' with Stevenson; and feel, I hope, a good three-fifths of the same pleasure.

A grand thing is a fine sonorous bundle of vowels and consonants. Hallilulia!

It may seem sweeping and revolutionary to talk of a measure for the abolition, except for mean and ugly uses, of petty, ill-sounding, and ludicrous words—for there are words whose very appearance raises a pitying smile—but we have had the courage to revise the Testaments, and from that to a spring cleaning of our mother-tongue is not a far journey. I have met Americans who would undertake it.

No familiar language is richer than blessed English in words worth speaking a second time, brave vigorous monosyllables, and sonorous compounds. Let us have them to the front on all proper occasions, and away with trivial conversation.

Grandeur of scenery, association of history or legend, or frequent use in pleasant connection, may soften the offence in many place-names; but, oh, if some localities could have had a happier baptism.

As for a man, he often has to live his name into respectability in more senses than one. Heaven help the unfortunate who so has to conduct the business of life that Snooks or Scroggins may become pleasantly familiar. Such a task is one for Hercules or a second Borromeo; and yet it is done, and many a strange name loses its uncouth sounding in a noble history.

The soldier families of P——s and Y——s (I will be no more explicit for fear of the shade even of offence) have made ridiculous cognomens glorious. A the philosopher, B the philanthropist, C the man of letters (and you may read T, P, and P again for these if you will) have each lived down the offence of their birthright.

Fitzgerald—blowsy-faced—may haunt the gutter sides for rags and offal, and Bottom be revered through Europe, but their names remain an insult to the fitness of things.

A partial revision of our gazetteers would give great scope for an imaginative temperament, and fine material withal for new building. Should Putney, Peckham, or Battersea remain—not to stray far from London, itself not above doubt—or Swineshead be overlooked in remote Lincolnshire? The list is a long one, and each may write it to his own fancy.

Especially by the sea coast do trivial names seem out of place. They flout the wide horizon. Cape Wrath, Caernarvon, Dungeness, Holyhead; these are words appropriate to their situation; Lowestoft, Dover, Penzance are fine names for sea famous towns; but Brighton and Bognor are cockney insults; and as for Walton-on-the-Naze, Littlestone-on-Sea, and some other vile bundles, they are mere maritime variations of Pigley-in-the-Pound.

Amongst the better sort, plain, easy-going, soft names, but nothing striking to the ear, we are handicapped on the map of Europe by our frequent affix 'mouth'; which gives in compounds, it is true, a fair second-class word, but has at best an uneasy sound—pronounce it how you will.

'You have your Portsmouth, your Plymouth, your Yarmouth, your Weymouth, and your Falmouth,' sneered the Dutch sailor in the story, 'and you are *all* mouth.'

'And you,' growled the Englishman in reply. 'You have your Amsterdam, your Zaardam, your Rotterdam, and your Schiedam; and d——n you all!'

But even so they retain the advantage in the termination.

For a rule of gallant words give me the West country—and

the further westward the better; though for a combination of the sublime and ridiculous, cheek by jowl, Scotland is as likely a hunting ground as any.

Tiree and Coll, the absurd, are within sight on a clear morning of Skerryvore and Iona, the magnificent; plebeian Harris is within a day's journey of noble Stornoway. On the east coast sombre Dunbar across the Frith of Forth faces childish Pittenween; whilst Burntisland looks back at Prestonpans.

Inland, Aboyne, Braemar, Balmoral, Kincardine O'Neil (a poem in itself), and romantic Lochnagar, see on the skyline Mount Keen and Mount Batten—reminiscent apparently of commercially minded explorers. Keen and Batten; Batten and Keen; respectable ironmongers anywhere.

North of the Cheviots there are many such dismal contrasts to be found.

There is in the West an old seaport town of happy memories, climbing, with a foreign aspect, to face the sun along the terraced slope of the hills which overlook its harbour; around which quaint and noble place-names are as plentiful as pilchards in August.

A collection of them is almost as pleasant a thing to bring back from a summer holiday, with a cheerful sunburnt face, as a portfolio of new photographs, or the fresh memory of old friends. Penwarne, Penmorva, and Penjerric view one another's gables; Pendennis, a mile or so away, caught Thackeray's ear; Gyllynvaes slopes to the sea beneath it.

Hear the names sounding along the harbour creek which winds inland north-eastwards amongst the woodlands past Rostronguet, to Tolcarne, Trelissic, and far-off forgotten Ruan Lanyon. Tresillian, Trevorva, Lamorran, Ardevora Vear. Beat me these if you can.

Tregothnan, Carclew, Arwenack, are proper names for famous houses hereabout.

And Enys—do not be deceived in 'Enys.'

At the first glance there is a certain littleness about it; but 'Enys of Enys' seems to me as fine a title as a man need be proud of.

Lord Saye and Sele (it is one of the minor sorrows of my life that by no possible combination of circumstances—no, though I lead victorious navies, or be five times a millionaire—can this title be mine)—Lord Saye and Sele; the Knight of Glyn; the Master of Ruthven; Enys of Enys—if I deserved so much at

their hands as the gift of either I would toss with the gods for which should grace my tombstone.

Trelawarren across the bay has a fine titled roll ; and Bochym, Bochym rings like steel. Sir John Bochym—a name to go crusading. Hard knocks and glory in the very sound of it. On second thoughts I would make it the fifth on my list.

The muster roll of the old Cornish families, too, makes noble reading. Vivian, Reskymer ; Carminoes—tracing their descent, beyond all likelihood of historic record, to Arthur himself, and lords a while back of Boconnock, Lanyhydrock, Glyn, and Tregothnan ; Bochigan, Polywhele, Pomeroy ; Trevellions, whose ancestor, himself of an ancient family, reached shore at last—it is told—at Sennen Cove, still proudly astride his horse, only survivor from the sunk plains of Lyonesse ; Godolphin, Tremayne, Trevannion. Romance is tangled in their rolling syllables.

Here, also, we can glean confidently around the outer bays and promontories. Coverack is as good a name as could be devised for a tiny granite-built fishing village, dropped out of the world almost on high-tide mark in a remote crack of the Lizard cliffs. Porthalla and Porthoustock—Peralla and Proustock, if you please—are hard by along the coast.

St. Anthony, The Dodman, Carn Du, Cape Cornwall, Tintagel, are all meet names for rugged wave-breaking headlands, whose coves smugglers knew and furtive wreckers have haunted ; where the Atlantic swell beats and echoes for ever, and the peregrine still nests in the rocks.

But some malignant fairy was of a surety present at the christening of the Scilly Islands, sea-fretted remnants of vanished Lyonesse.

The Wolf, The Long Ships, The Manacles, the Seven Stones—name of mysterious ill-omen—the Shambles, up Channel further east ; these are meet places for shipwreck and disaster, wild cloud wrack and the thunder of hopeless surf.

But here are epitaphs for a noble deep-sea ship. 'Foundered in Pegwell Bay.' 'Lost off Rottingdean.' 'Ashore at Littlehampton.'

Such things happen, but the newspapers tell their story. The tragedies of poets or romancers must have a fitter setting. Wrecks are out of place in Mucking Bight or on the Mudstone Ledge, suggesting oyster-beds, and, indirectly, typhoid fever and drains.

But examples of one or the other might be gathered to fill many pages. This can be but a mere nibbling at the fringe, a note or notelet to so vast a subject, a splash on the verge of ocean. Every man may look to his memory for additions.

If it is possible to make a single general remark, I should say that it is mainly in the too frequent use of cumbrous and thundering adjectives and adverbs that we alter and abuse our mother-tongue of recent years. Tremendous and tremendously, extraordinary and its horrible adverb, excessive and excessively, and a whole following of their kith and kin are dead weights on written language.

Oh, for lightness, movement, and strength; more keen rapier work and less of the dull sledgehammer.

There is a fashion and use in words as in everything else, and an epoch may be classified as well by its adjectives as by the cut of its coats.

We have lived through a period where a miserable word in a grand connection has been conspicuous. 'Jubilee!' what an offence it is to eye and ear, horribly trivial and foolish for its purpose. There are many examples hardly worth the seeking, but in the search we may light on that which should give pleasure.

Twice recently I have by chance read mocking allusions to the noticeable recent growth of the word 'strenuous,' in a wide but definite sense. But this seems a hopeful instance, a trend to be encouraged.

It is a brave word—a good word—and compresses into its three syllables as much descriptive matter as a full sheet of foolscap loosely written. 'Gentle, honourable, *strenuous*.' There you have a fine character without further description. 'Gentleman,' which expresses so much in so small a compass—no word more—varies too greatly in value with the user's fancy and idea. 'Strenuous,' it sounds its meaning.

It has been written somewhere that chosen words grouped in a proper manner form good prose, the best words grouped in the best possible manner, poetry. But I would not admit so clear a distinction; although it is to poets generally that we must turn to find a habit of keen appreciation of the sound and uses of fine syllables.

The sound of words is the music of true poets. The poetic idea alone is commoner than many think; to sing it to the true accompaniment of words, is the rare gift.

'Forlorn! the very word is like a bell.' Keats, perhaps, of all poets, found the truest use for the melody of syllables.

Daisies, the pearled arcturi of the earth;
The constellated flower that never sets.

If ever words were well handled, here are pearls amongst them set in due order.

'Victor Galbraith,' cries Longfellow in a dying refrain. 'At midnight in the silence of the sleep time,' murmurs Robert Browning—not often remarkable amongst poets for the melody of his single lines.

'Melody!' I doubt if another familiar language has so beautiful a word expressive of its meaning.

But the theme scarcely admits limits of pen and ink and human fancy.

Collect the words that seem to you sonorous, good in the mouth, or happy in their connection; and, in idle unexpected moments, fancy will stir them to weave their own romance.

HAROLD ISMAY

The Harper's Song of Seasons.¹

THE wind that blows among the apple-trees
 Is as a harp of sorrow in the spring,
 Piercing the sunshine of sweet melodies
 With the sharp crying of a silver string;
 Yet there are white blooms on the apple-trees.

The wind that blows among the apple-trees
 Makes musical the brazen summer hours,
 And gladdens the loud hosting of the bees
 With sweet scents torn from many honeyed flowers,
 Where the fruit reddens on the apple-trees.

The wind that blows among the apple-trees
 Dies into silence on the winter air,
 And breathes but iron sleep for the world's ease
 When the leaves fall and every bough is bare,
 And sunshine fails among the apple-trees.

The wind that blows among the apple-trees
 Fills my glad heart with scents of coloured flowers,
 And the blue glitter of unquiet seas,
 And all the dreamy joy of sunlit hours,
 Where long grass grows under the apple-trees.

The wind that blows among the apple-trees
 Haunts the cold chambers of my frozen mind
 With dreams and sorrows and strange memories.
 What are they but the crying of the wind—
 The wind that blows among the apple-trees?

¹ The Durd-abla (the Wind among the Apple-trees) was the magical harp of the ancient gods of Ireland. It had three strings—the iron string of sleep, the bronze string of laughter, and the silver string, the sound of which made all men weep. These three strings were also supposed to evoke the three seasons into which the year was then divided.

The wind that blows among the apple-trees
Of my desire breaks through the world's control,
And shakes with many secret melodies
The silver harp-string twisted round my soul—
Where the stars shine above the apple-trees.

EVA GORE BOOTH.

*Prince Karl.*¹

BY H. C. BAILEY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A RAT IN A CORNER.

PRINCE LUDWIG had fled early in the fight. Soon after that triple gun-fire that called the circling hills to share in the work, he had fallen back with a few of his guard, that he might observe the battle more calmly. Safe himself, he saw the wild little charge that opened the way for a gun to fire across the only path of escape ; then he turned and gnawing his thin wiry moustache, he rode quickly away. He did not blame himself at all ; he blamed the cowards who had not stormed the one little hill that blocked his way ; as he hurried on he cursed his soldiers again and again. Never had man been served so ill as Prince Ludwig von Lichtenstein. Some bitter notion of injustice rankled in his mind : other men had luck, other men succeeded ; it was only he, Prince Ludwig, who was always the plaything of fate. It did not occur to him to look for a reason, because he knew quite well that there could be no reason. Now that he was beaten, now that he was flung back with the loss of his army and his name on the country he had ruined, his hate for the Capuchin mastered his reason and his will. He believed that it was the Capuchin who had made him false to France ; that it was the Capuchin who had planned the death of Dorothea to keep him from the throne of Solgau—and all this because the Capuchin had proved late enough that Prince Ludwig had played him false. For Ludwig had one element of greatness : a sublime belief in himself. He had deceived himself very completely while he ran away from Karl.

¹ Copyright, 1902, by Longmans, Green, & Co.

And Karl followed him, riding hard with his handful of horsemen, another man with a great trust in himself. But he was unlike Ludwig most of all in this—if we may forget that Ludwig was a knave:—Karl always found time to consider whether he was telling himself the truth. Faster and faster Karl pushed on till long after darkness had fallen; his men were a little surprised. Some of them who had served Bernhard knew well enough these headlong marches that tore victory out of the heart of defeat, or reaped a double fruit from victory. But Karl of Erbach—who had ever thought of Karl as a man to fling all thought of safety away, and with only a few guards about him, dash through an enemy's country to seize a man who was already beaten and disgraced? They knew Karl well enough to sneer at the fools in Solgau who thought him a coward; they would have followed him wherever he led them; they had trusted him through the long disheartening days when he fell back before Ludwig, and they felt no surprise when they saw him lay his trap and laughed and nodded to one another when they saw how well he did it. But here was a new Karl: a man of energy as fiery as Bernhard's own, and they were amazed to meet him. He was, indeed, a man whom few people had met, and only a very few guessed that there was such a man at all. Yet he was not a new man; if Karl had changed since the false Pappenheimers first came to Solgau, he had become only sterner and less happy. Distrust and disappointment had given him no new strength and no new courage; he was proving himself now, while before there had been no chance and no need. On that his mind was set: he meant to prove himself, so that no one could doubt: and he was very glad that his duty offered him the chance; and always he thought of the lady who wished him well.

He hurried on through the lands of Lichtenstein day after day, and still Ludwig was far before him; the worst-mounted among his men fell out of the ranks, and the little band grew smaller, but still it hurried on. Prince Ludwig came to his castle at Lichtenstein and found a most thoroughly frightened guard awaiting him. Rumour had been faster than he; and when the warder saw how few Ludwig's followers were and marked their jaded horses, the castle knew that rumour had not lied, and men and women ran out into the courtyard crying to one another, asking how soon Bernhard would be upon them. There was no heart in Lichtenstein.

As Ludwig came over the drawbridge a man in Pappenheim's

colours sat still on his horse watching from the wood. The sun was just setting.

'Eh, the great Prince comes back from the wars,' he said aloud in French. 'There is the great Prince; well——'

'Robinet et Mariette vivent en grande union,
Ils s'aiment à la franquette sans contrainte et sans façon,'

he sang loudly, riding up the hill. '*Sangdieu!* Robinet has killed Mariette. *Une grande union* beyond doubt, my greatest of Princes. Soul of Saint Belial! he is still worth a hundred crowns.' He reined up his horse by the drawbridge and shouted, 'Adolf, Adolf, my friend!' But he cried the name many times before anyone answered him. Then the warder came, began to curse him, and stopped suddenly.

'What, Louis, is it you?'

'*Sangdieu!* yes! the faithful Louis, with great news for your illustrious Prince!' He was let in, halted in the gateway, and shouted across the courtyard:

'Where is his victorious Highness?'

The anxious chattering crowd turned and stared at him and fell silent, and the big man laughed at them, and Ludwig hurried forward:

'Seize him, Albrecht,' he cried to the quartermaster; but Albrecht hung back.

'Eh, *mon Prince*, I came of my own will, and I did not come to be clapped into irons. And *sangdieu*, if you treat me as ill as you say, I tell you nothing.'

'You have news?' cried Ludwig. The Frenchman dismounted, drew his reins round his arm, and walked up to Ludwig and began to speak in French:

'Why, most of us are hanged and some of us are shot, and a few are run away. So your servants fare, Prince Ludwig—much like your other soldiers, eh?'

'You will find yourself in irons yet,' said Ludwig savagely.

'Well, who knows? Bernhard would soon be here to let me out. But *sangdieu!* I have more to tell you than this. How much would you give to kill the Capuchin, Prince Ludwig? Come, now, is it worth a hundred crowns?' Ludwig started: it was the thing he most longed to do. He knew he was beaten; but if he must fall he meant to fall biting and scratching.

'What do you know of him?' said Ludwig quietly.

'No, no; pay me my money and I'll tell my tale.'

'Come in, then, fool,' said Ludwig, turning to a door.

'No, curse it; I come to do you a favour, and you quarrel with the terms. Here, my friends,' he cried quickly in German, turning to the crowd: 'here is your illustrious Prince haggling—'

'You shall have them,' cried Ludwig in French. 'Hold your cursed tongue!'

'So: resume your conversations, my friends,' said the Frenchman, with a wave of his hand to the crowd. 'And now for the money, Prince Ludwig.'

'You shall have it.'

'I had rather see it. *Sangdieu!* give me an earnest at least!' Ludwig counted out twenty crowns so carefully that the Frenchman laughed.

'Milking a bull!' he cried. 'And now for the way to kill him. The monk lies at Waldkirch in Solgau; his guard is just twenty men. Eh, Prince Ludwig, it is but a step across the border. There are no troops near. The Butcher Turenne is thirty miles away, and Bernhard is not here yet. There is a chance for you, Prince Ludwig. *Sangdieu!* even you can hardly fail. Is it not worth the money? So now for your gracious bounty!'

But Ludwig, looking at him with a cold sneer, said:

'You shall have it when I have done.'

'When you have done! Body o' Satan! My money to turn on the chance that Ludwig wins for once! *Sangdieu!* no, Ludwig. Out with your eighty crowns!'

'You had better be careful, fool,' said Ludwig coldly.

The Frenchman caught at his sword, and his face grew darker:

'You mean to cheat me, Ludwig? You blundering cowardly fool, bleed! bleed! Bring out your purse!'

'Quartermaster!' cried Ludwig sharply, stepping back.

'Quartermaster, come and pay your Prince's debts. Quartermaster, come and help your Prince to cheat. Come along, Albrecht,' cried the Frenchman. 'Bah! you Jew knave.' He snapped his fingers in Ludwig's face. Ludwig struck at him; the Frenchman drew his sword, and at last Albrecht ran up and caught his arm.

'What! you are turned miser's bully,' cried the Frenchman, flinging him off, and Albrecht's men ran up to help.

'Hold the beast!' shouted Albrecht, staggering to his feet.

The Frenchman sprang on his horse. There were two men who caught his arm and clung to it, and he stabbed them low with his left hand, and then he drove in his spurs and rushed his horse at the low wall of the courtyard, and leapt over out into the darkness down to the river beneath.

'*Au revoir*, Ludwig,' he cried. '*Au revoir*—in hell.' They heard the great sounding splash as he fell into the water, and craning over the wall they saw him for a moment in the dim light waving his sword over his head; and then he passed into shadow.

'He will be there first,' said Prince Ludwig with a sneer.

So Prince Ludwig came back safe to his castle, and in his hour of defeat found that fate had at last grown kind; before dawn, with every man he could muster, he marched on Waldkirch. Karl and his men learned from the villagers the way he had gone, and pressed on in pursuit; they were in country they knew only a little, but if Ludwig were kind enough to turn to Solgau soon they would know it better. But they were no equal match for Ludwig, less equal than they guessed, for they did not know how many he had found in the castle. Ludwig's men, happy for the most part to find that he would fight to the end—for an attack on Père Joseph seemed to them fighting—followed eagerly. At least they would hurt their foes, though it might not aid themselves.

But Ludwig's Pappenheimer was not yet in hell. He kept his seat when he plunged into the river, and in a moment his horse was swimming with him down stream into the darkness. Far out of sight of the castle he turned and made for the shore, and when his horse had scrambled up the bank, he stopped for a moment irresolute, then slapped his hand down on his thigh and rode away. All night he rode on, finding his way easily through the country he had plundered, for he was riding through the marches of Lichtenstein. At last, when the sky in the east was growing grey, a challenge rang out sharply in front of him, and he stopped on the instant.

'Friend,' he shouted, 'friend! with news for the Vicomte de Turenne!'

The sentry cried for the guard; the sergeant and half-a-dozen men came running up with lanterns.

'Ho, ho, you are very good to us,' cried the sergeant. 'Come on, my friend. There are nine of your fellows like fruit on the trees there; you'll make a very pretty tenth!'

'Body o' Satan! shall I? Wait and see! I have news of Ludwig for the Vicomte of Turenne.'

'Rouse the Vicomte to hear a Pappenheimer lie? You don't know your place, my friend. It's there——' and the sergeant pointed to the trees.

'*Sangdieu!* I tell you your Vicomte would give his ears to hear my news, and if he does not hear it now, Beelzebub's babes! he may as well not hear it at all.'

'Well, out with it, then,' said the sergeant gruffly.

'*Sangdieu!* no! It's for your betters.'

'Humph! Comes from you, too. News of Ludwig—it is news of Ludwig?' said the sergeant doubtfully.

'Eh, did I tell you so, or not?'

'News of Ludwig—humph! Come, then; you can do without your sword.'

In a few minutes the Pappenheimer was brought into a tent where Turenne and Armand the lieutenant sat together. There were two lanterns on the table.

Turenne looked at the man keenly and waved his hand to the sergeant.

'You may go! And now,' he said, as the flap of the tent fell, 'why do you come here?'

'*Sangdieu*, I have news of Ludwig, sir; and I ask a pardon for the price'—he saw that he had a stronger man than Ludwig before him.

'You have yet to earn it,' said Turenne coldly.

'If the news is worth it, sir, shall I have it?'

'I shall not hang you now, whatever your news is worth. You appear to have found courage enough to come here; find courage to tell your tale.'

'Père Joseph, sir, he is at Waldkirch with a small guard.'

'You said you had news,' said Turenne.

'Ludwig has marched to kill him, sir.' Turenne started and his eyes flashed.

'Ludwig has come back to the castle?'

'Yes, sir. His army was all lost at the Schwartzsee, but he has taken his guard and a few who ran with him.'

'Ran!' Turenne said with a sneer. 'You know this? When did he go?'

'I think he meant to start at dawn, sir. It is true enough. I was there when the news was brought to him and he made up his mind to go. Then he quarrelled with me and I had to run.'

And Turenne leaning back in his chair, not looking at the Pappenheimer, muttered to himself:

'Ludwig, Ludwig the wife-killer, broke loose at last! . . . Ah! . . . God is kind after all!' He sprang up: 'Sound boot and saddle, Armand!' and the lieutenant ran out. Turenne scrawled a few lines and tossed the parchment and his purse to the Pappenheimer.

'There is your pardon and your pay,' and he turned to buckle on his sword. So the Pappenheimer sold his second man for a better price than the first, and he rode away chuckling to think that Ludwig had paid him twenty crowns for a fresh disaster.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHAT BEFELL AT WALDKIRCH.

YOLANDE had gone back to Rosenberg. She could not bear the chatter and bustle of Solgau. Lormont's phrase was never out of her thoughts: 'They deserve punishment—the fools who sneered at the Marshal of Solgau.' She had found that one of these fools had a punishment to bear, and while she knew it was just enough she longed to bear it alone; not even to her sister could she tell all her sorrow. There was only one in all the earth to whom she could ever speak of it, and he was far away. Yet she was suffering for a few foolish words more pain than Karl felt on the day that he left her in silence on the stair and rode back to Bernhard. A childish longing for glory and fame, a childish love of a sharp answer, she told herself, had stung Karl, perhaps had gone near to ruin his life. She did not think of her own. But she judged herself too harshly; a woman to whom all things in shame and grief and pain came eagerly for comfort was not one who could sneer for the sneer's sake. The bitter words she had flung at Karl could never have been said by her to anyone but him. She longed to make him do worthily of himself, and that, she thought, was the way. Only now, with Lormont's praises fresh in her ears, and the knowledge that the old Capuchin was of Lormont's mind, had she come to see that Karl had done worthily of himself before ever the war began. Of course she was very foolish; of

course she is the only person who has ever misjudged one of the men who do not parade their strength; of course, in her place you would never have sneered at Karl; and if you would never have found anything in him to love, let us pass that by and have no pity for the Lady Yolande as she sits at Rosenberg looking out over the beech woods with her face grown paler and lovelier still, and her eyes dark and sorrowful. She would ask no pity from any man.

One day, as she sat at the window with her needle lying untouched beside her, her maid came running into the room smiling.

‘Oh, my lady, such a tale!’ and she stopped breathless.

‘What is it, Elsa?’

‘Such a tale, my Lady! Friedrich says they say the Count has beaten Ludwig!’ Yolande’s voice trembled a little as she said:

‘Who says so, Elsa?’

‘Friedrich says the tale is all over the country, my lady. Do you think it can be true?’

‘It is quite possible,’ said Yolande quietly, taking up her work. ‘We shall know soon. Give me the work-basket, Elsa.’

‘Great news, my lady, is it not?’ cried Elsa.

‘It would be good news for Solgau,’ Yolande answered.

But outside in the corridor Elsa laughed to herself.

‘Good news for Solgau? Oh, yes, my lady! And what will he get by his victory, my lady?’ These were the thoughts that made her laugh. ‘Is there a maid will give the man his due?’

‘Hey, Elsa! very pleased with yourself!’ said the steward, meeting her.

‘Oh, ’tis catching, sir!’

‘Is it? Then let me catch it,’ cried the steward, and kissed her. Elsa pushed him away.

‘Wait till Otto comes back with the army, you wretch!’ said Elsa, most bitterly angry.

‘Humph! there will be doings then. Shameful, Elsa, shameful!’ said the steward, chuckling.

‘There is no shame in it,’ cried Elsa. ‘Ask my lady.’ And in her anger she laughed.

‘Hold your tongue, wench!’ said the steward sternly; and Elsa ran off laughing. But when she had gone the steward chuckled more than a grave man ought.

Yolande was not using her work-basket. She did not doubt the news at all, but her heart longed to know certainly that it was true. She knew Père Joseph was at Waldkirch, and Waldkirch was but four miles away; so just after noon the Lady Yolande went riding alone. She found Père Joseph in the little village inn, and the guard let her come to him without question.

The Capuchin rose gravely as she came into his room, and handed her a chair.

‘I am honoured by this visit, my lady.’

‘I—I came to know if you had heard——’ said Yolande, blushing and looking at the ground.

‘You have something to tell me?’ said the Capuchin quietly, bending over his papers that she might look where she would. She did not answer and he saw that she found it hard to speak. ‘There is a rumour, they tell me—it is but a rumour, but I do not find it hard to believe, though I know nothing—that Prince Ludwig has been defeated at the Schwartzsee by the Marshal of Solgau. Perhaps you had more to tell me?’

‘I came to know if it was true,’ said Yolande in a low voice.

‘I do not know,’ said the Capuchin quietly. ‘If it happened on the day that rumour says, before nightfall I ought to know. To me it does not seem hard to believe. I am one of those, my lady, who have always thought that the Count of Erbach was held in too little honour in Solgau. I think he has done more for Solgau than her people are wise enough to understand. But this is nothing to you. I know that Duke Bernhard, with part of his army went to meet the Marquis Galeazzo, and that the Count of Erbach was left to meet Ludwig with a smaller force. What more there may be to hear I hope to know to-night. And’—he paused for a moment—‘and it shall be my first care to tell one who cares so much for Solgau as you.’ In the street below came the noise of horses. Men ran quickly into the inn, and the door was flung open.

‘Ah, your Excellency is here!’ cried Karl: then he saw Yolande and started back. ‘My God!’ he muttered. ‘Ludwig with a hundred men is but a little behind us. I have some thirty men. We must hope to hold the inn.’

‘Ludwig?’ said the Capuchin slowly. Karl had turned and was giving sharp orders to the Scotsman. ‘Ludwig is beaten, then. Ludwig is coming to kill me. It would be well for you to go with the Lady Yolande, Count.’

'We must hope to hold the inn,' said Karl slowly, and he looked at Yolande.

'Yes,' said Yolande softly; and she looked at Karl with a timid smile, and Karl smiled back at her and she was happy. Then his face grew stern again. 'It is but a chance we can save you, now; but we cannot leave you to death. How Ludwig knew you were here God knows. He has a hundred men, and he is desperate and he hates you.' The Capuchin looked from the man to the girl.

'You will not go?' he said to Yolande.

'I—I cannot ask him,' said she; and Père Joseph looked up at Karl:

'The Prince von Lichtenstein comes to kill me? Yes. The Prince von Lichtenstein has a strong force? Yes. The Prince von Lichtenstein is desperate? Yes. The Prince von Lichtenstein hates me—only less than he hates God? Yes. And you? What is your part in the piece, monsieur?'

'To fight!' said Karl, and went out. Ludwig's men were clattering up the street.

'For me,' said Père Joseph slowly. Then he turned to Yolande. 'Forgive me, my daughter.'

'He will save us,' said Yolande softly; but Ludwig had more than a hundred men and there were not fifty to meet him. And Karl set about his work. He knew that Zwicka was less than a day's march behind him, and he had sent a man back to Zwicka; and he was sure enough that Zwicka would come as soon as horses could bring him. But he doubted if that would be soon enough. Only a few of Père Joseph's guard had muskets, but for a little their steady fire kept Ludwig back. Soon they were fighting hand to hand at the doors and windows, and the clash of arms and the shouts and oaths rang through the little room upstairs where the old monk and the girl were praying together. Here and there Ludwig's men broke in and fell on the defenders from behind, till at last only Karl and some half-dozen were left holding the narrow stair. Slowly they fell back, and slowly Ludwig won his way up leaving many dead behind him; and one by one Karl's men fell till at last only he and the Scotsman were left standing panting and bloody on the top, and Ludwig's men fell back for a moment and then ran at them all together, and Karl staggered and fell. Then the Scotsman fell on them madly, thrusting all round him, caring nothing to save himself; and they gave way before him and still he lunged this

way and that; and while the blood dripped from his wounds and his sword he was shouting:

‘Oh, wha daur meddle wi’ me?
Oh, wha daur meddle wi’ me?
My name it is little Jock Elliott——’

From behind one of his men Ludwig fired a pistol at him, and Jock Elliott, falling forward, thrust at the man and killed him and died.

Then Ludwig sprang over his body and ran up into the little room; the Capuchin had risen from his knees and sat quietly facing the door, and Yolande was beside him.

‘So, my holy father!’ cried Ludwig; then his eyes fell on Yolande and he laughed. ‘Bring in the pig of Erbach!’ Two of his men dragged in the bleeding body that still lived and still could feel. Yolande started from her chair and Ludwig flung her back. ‘No, no, mistress, you shall see the pig bleed and die. See how he bleeds!’ and he stirred Karl with his foot. ‘Keep his mistress still, Albrecht.’

‘Gott! you can do that, Adolf,’ growled Albrecht, and turned away; and the other man laughed and stood over Yolande. But she did not move: she sat still looking at Karl with big dry eyes.

‘Cheer up, cheer up, soon be dead!’ said Adolf, and he chuckled and patted her cheek. Yolande hardly felt it: she only saw Karl lying bleeding to death. But Karl felt it and groaned.

‘Ah, ha, my holy father. So God watches over his ministers! And the holy father was to have a cardinal’s hat, a pretty red hat was to come to the holy father. And now, and now, *nunc Domine dimittis servum tuum*, and without the hat. Oh Lord, thou art most thoughtless!’ cried Ludwig. He drew his sword and pricked the Capuchin.

‘See, see; is it not a sweet sharp point? Oh this careless God! He has delivered his faithful servant into the hand of the spoiler. Alas! I am no ally of France, my father. Come, it is time for repentance. Confess your sins: you made a mistake, you fool, you sham saint, you cheating priest!’ But Père Joseph said nothing that Ludwig heard. He was praying for the man on the floor and the girl beside him. Ludwig’s men had fallen on the beer and wine in the inn, and their drinking songs sounded loud above Ludwig’s taunts. The inn rang with the

noise. Outside the window a branch of ivy cracked sharply, but no one marked it.

'Ah, my holy father, do you see what an ass you were? What a fool to throw away Ludwig von Lichtenstein for the swine in Solgau—that bleeding hog!' He swung round and pushed Karl with his sword point. Then turning on the Capuchin, 'see, fool, confess it! Say you were wrong—you shall die the quicker. A shorter death for the dear holy——'

There rang loud through the room a pistol shot; Adolf fell suddenly with a crash. Ludwig staggered, as a pistol thrown through the window hit him on the head. There was a sudden, sharp cry below:

'*Poignardez!*' oaths and the crash of steel on steel, and Turenne sprang into the room.

'At last, *mon Prince*, at last,' he cried, and he thrust at Ludwig. Yolande had run to Karl and raised his head, and she was tearing her clothes to bind up his wounds; and the Capuchin came to help her. But Turenne had no thought of them; he lunged at Ludwig again and again, driving him back. More men came through the window. Turenne cried:

'Leave him to me,' and Ludwig, his pale lips trembling, tried to reach the door. His guard wavered for a moment, and Turenne, thrusting high and hard, ran him through the throat. Ludwig's sword fell with a clatter, and he staggered back against the wall. Turenne thrust at his throat again, and stood for a moment leaning on his sword.

'So, wife-killer!' he said through his teeth. He caught Ludwig by the waist and dragged him forward to the window.

'Look, look, you dog, at her grave!' and he pointed with his dripping sword to the little churchyard where Dorothea lay.

'I—I can—shut—my eyes,' said Prince Ludwig, gasping. He had done that all his life. Turenne let him fall to the ground. He looked round the room.

'I am sorry I could come no sooner, sir,' he said quietly to the Capuchin.

'You have done well to come,' said Père Joseph, holding out his hand. 'Do you bring a surgeon, Henri?'

'Fetch Armand,' said Turenne quickly, turning to his men. Below stairs was almost silence. 'The best we have, sir.' He bent himself over Karl, moving him very gently. 'Lady, I have seen men worse wounded live,' he said in a softer voice than he had cared to use since Dorothea was killed.

The lieutenant came quickly up the stairs :

'All done, sir!' he said sharply to Turenne, and as he knelt beside Karl, Turenne turned away :

'A rope, a rope, sergeant; make short!' he cried. 'Bring the dog out!' and two men caught Ludwig up roughly.

In the twilight they carried the dying man away, and hanged him on a great oak by the churchyard side. Turenne stood watching for a moment, and turned away with a smile.

And the moon rose pale and cold behind the beeches, while the flickering shadows grew and grew darker; and the cold blue light poured down on the great oak, shining on the body that still swayed gently with a dark red stain at the throat, and casting a long quivering shadow that fell across the grave and the gravestone where the dead man's wife was buried—the wife whom he had killed. But she would not have had it so.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE COMTE DE LORMONT GOES RIDING.

'EH? What? Oh, you have got him!' shouted Zwicka pushing forward through his men in the darkness.

'Yes, Colonel. Have you a surgeon?' said Turenne quietly.

'Surgeon? Yes, we carry them somewhere. Pass the word for the surgeon. So you caught him. Stuck him? Hanged him! *Gott!* good!' said Zwicka with a laugh, coming down from his saddle with a thud. 'If my brutes could have carried us five more miles a day I'd have burnt him! Who wants the surgeon? Rather too late for Ludwig!'

'The Count of Erbach is badly wounded.'

'What, Ludwig again? Fiends of hell, and you only hanged him? Well, well: the Count's tough, I guess. He should have waited for me.'

'He hurried to save Père Joseph,' said Turenne.

'Karl of Erbach—save Père Joseph——' Zwicka said stuttering over the words. 'God's own devil!' and he said many more things of the same colour not at all to the purpose. 'Well: here's the surgeon. See here, little man: the Count of Erbach is badly wounded. Rake up your brains. There's ten crowns for

you when he is on his legs.' The surgeon bowed. 'Run away. I know your back bends.'

'You grow generous, Colonel,' said Turenne.

'Eh? Oh you mean I'm not. Gott! why waste money? But, by the fiend, I would give twice that to see him well! You should hear the way he caught Ludwig! I would give a night's wine to have seen it! Dragged his carronades up the hills, hid 'em, only let Ludwig see a handful of men—heavenly, heavenly! Well, is Père Joseph awake? I've got some damned letter for him. Eh, where is it? Oh! Push my belt round, sergeant!' By the aid of the sergeant Zwicka's belt was persuaded to move round its master's body, and Zwicka puffing opened the pouch that hung from it and brought out Bernhard's despatch. 'There: good reading that is. I suppose we sleep in the fields. I shall go and seize the castle to-morrow. Good-night to you. Sorry I did not do it myself. Files about there!' he swung himself slowly up and they clattered away.

In the morning Lormont was reading a letter:

'My dear Léon,—You will be gratified to learn that the wife-killer is hanged. My dreams were to the purpose. You will not be gratified to hear that he nearly killed the good father before I killed him; perhaps you may be sorry that Karl of Erbach is badly wounded. There is some hope. If you have a surgeon at Solgau who is anything better than a fool, bring him; in any case I am to bid you come yourself to Père Joseph—who is unhurt and appears to have something for you to do. That no doubt will annoy you. In some haste—as you also should come, TURENNE.'

'So; the old Henri again,' said Lormont to himself. 'Pierre, bring my boots. I will put them on myself. I want all the surgeons in Solgau, and I want them at once. Also horses for them. You will endeavour to be quick.' Pierre ran out, and Lormont pulling on his boots said aloud to himself: "'There is some hope, there is some hope." My God, there must be hope! Eh, I believe I should be very sorry if—that—man—died.' He stood up and threw his cloak about him. 'I wonder what he was doing at Waldkirch. I suppose that tale was true: he did beat Ludwig.' He went out and stood in the courtyard waiting. His grooms brought out some half-dozen horses. Lormont mounted, and rode slowly up and down the courtyard. Pierre came back running with two men panting at his heels.

'Two, sir—all I could find, sir,' he said, panting.

'So: you have your tools, my friends?' The surgeons bowed. 'Now we are going to Waldkirch, and we are going to gallop.'

'But I shall fall off, sir,' cried one of them.

'Tie the gentleman on, Pierre,' cried Lormont; but the surgeon started back.

'I—I—I will do my best,' he stammered.

'I think you will,' said Lormont sharply. 'Mount, my friend.'

They trotted quickly away, and Lormont, riding behind them, tried to give them a confidence they did not feel, and he drove them along as fast as was safe. At last they came near Waldkirch; outside the village a crowd of men were at work digging.

'What is this, sergeant?' cried Lormont as he rode by.

'Graves, sir,' shouted the sergeant.

'Eh, Henri has been here,' said Lormont.

Turenne came out of the inn as they rode up.

'Here are my surgeons, Henri; they have ridden very well,' cried Lormont. Turenne smiled.

'As I see. Let them come in at once. Père Joseph waits for you, Lormont. Come, compose yourselves.' He led them walking rather shakily away.

'Is he—worse, Henri?'

'Better so far as there is change,' said Turenne turning. 'Why, you seem interested, Lormont?'

'I incline to believe that I am,' Lormont answered brushing the dust from his cloak. 'It is probably foolish, but——'

'Will you come up, Lormont?' said the Capuchin from the head of the stairs. For once in his life Lormont went up three steps at a time.

'You are quite safe, sir?' he cried; and Père Joseph smiling answered:

'You look as if you were glad?'

'Why, I am a poor hypocrite, my father,' said Lormont, and he stood for a moment holding Père Joseph's hand. Both of them were smiling, and each of them was a little amused at himself.

'I have been saved by the Count of Erbach,' said the Capuchin slowly, sitting down and drawing his gown over his knees.

'That man was born to puzzle us!' cried Lormont. 'But, my father, what have you all been doing? How is it you have fallen so far in the debt of Karl of Erbach?'

'He was born to trouble us,' said the Capuchin. 'He kept Solgau from our alliance long. Then he was faithful to us when he had much excuse for breaking faith. Now he has saved me, and all but died to do it. You are perfectly right, Lormont, he was born to trouble us. And now the next move is ours. What is our game?' His eyes were bright and his hand tapped quickly on the table. Less than twenty-four hours ago he had given up hope of life.

'Ah, but how are the pieces, sir?' said Lormont. 'I have heard a tale that Karl had beaten Ludwig; that—is that in our accounts too?' The Capuchin handed him a despatch:

'Your Excellency,—I have the honour to announce to you that I have dispersed the army of the Marquis Galeazzo. He escaped.

'I left the Marshal of Solgau with a small force to watch Ludwig. He did. Ludwig with a force out-numbering the Marshal's by three to one pressed on. It is my duty to inform your Excellency that Ludwig's whole army has been destroyed—in part killed and in part captured—by the Marshal of Solgau. I find myself entirely unable to represent to your Excellency the debt which Solgau and France and I myself owe to this commander. The success of the present campaign, by which the whole country has been cleared of the enemy's troops, is to be ascribed to the Marshal of Solgau.—BERNHARD, DUKE OF WEIMAR.'

Below was another letter in a careless sprawling hand, very different from the regular studied writing of the despatch:

'My very dear Father,—And that is less than the truth. The man has done a miracle. Lichtenstein lies in my hand. It is very sad. I hoped to meet Ludwig myself. I believe Karl is most foolishly honest. Is it impossible that for once we should be honest too? If he had chosen to throw us over we should have had a very tiresome little war. He was fool enough to keep faith. Shall we answer a fool according to his folly? I like to pay debts.—B.'

'Faith, sir, we are all in a tale!' cried Lormont. 'Karl stalks about with that grim jaw of his and the steel eyes, and we all try to push him into the chair—eh, and he will not sit! But you—how came Karl and Ludwig here?' and the Capuchin told him.

'So, Lormont, there was everything that should have made him leave me to Ludwig—and—he fell—at that doorway—in my cause.' Lormont rose and walked to the window.

'I believe—I have nothing to say,' he said in a low voice. 'I do not know that I could have done it. It appears to me that we are in a singularly shameful case. If we can ask a man to give up more for us than his work and his life and his love I do not know what it is. He did that; we are, I presume, to give him nothing. I feel very proud of France.'

'You seem to be talking to persuade me,' said Père Joseph quietly.

'If Karl has not persuaded you at all, it is not likely that I shall do anything,' said Lormont without turning.

'And you talk very well,' said Père Joseph. 'Have you ever thought of why I went to Hilpertsee?'

'You are always so frank, sir, that I was sure of being told.'

'This morning a courier came from Paris,' said Père Joseph. 'Now, Lormont, I can do what I will with Solgau.'

'And for that is Solgau to be grateful?' said Lormont quickly.

'I do not know that Solgau has been very anxious to have our will done,' said the Capuchin, looking at Lormont.

'The Council are fools,' cried Lormont. 'I——'

'Ludwig was a fool,' said the Capuchin.

'Karl said to me once, sir, "I would have peace." The answer to that does not come from the Council.'

'And you ask me for an answer?' said the Capuchin slowly. Lormont bowed.

'I do not forget; and I too like to pay debts. The Count of Erbach lies below, and I think the Lady Yolande of Rosenberg is tending him. If he dies——'

'I do not think he will die,' said Lormont quickly. 'Things do not work like this so that he should die.'

'I pray that that is true,' Père Joseph answered gravely.

'There is no heir in Lichtenstein, and there is no heir in Solgau.'

'Behold the works of Ludwig von Lichtenstein,' said Lormont.

'God has strange tools, Lormont. If the Count of Erbach lives, here would be a strong state full on the frontier of France, and from that state France would ask only that no enemy should pass through her land to attack our frontier. But lest that should happen here is the Council of Solgau. I have tried to work with the Council of Solgau. I have failed.'

'I—ah!—I remember saying once, sir,' said Lormont, 'it is

very foolish of me, and at times embarrassing—but I always remember what I say—well, sir, I find myself too interesting! I said once that hard things were not for you to do. I said it, of course, because I did not believe it. I wonder if you would tell me whether you thought of this before Karl came to Waldkirch or after?’ Père Joseph smiled.

‘I am not sure that I know, Lormont. And there is an answer after your own heart. But—there remains the Council of Solgau.’

‘Why, yes, sir; there—remains—the Council of Solgau,’ said Lormont, slowly twitching his ruffles. ‘The Council of Solgau is to us a stumbling-block and moreover foolishness. Councils always are. It is strange; when half-a-dozen men come together to decide they bring all their folly with them, and each leaves his wisdom behind. Eh, and it would be light in the hand.’ Père Joseph sat silent; his fingers tapped gently on the table, and a smile began to come about his lips. ‘Once upon a time, sir, I made a promise. Beyond doubt it is foolish to make promises, and that is probably why I made it. A more foolish thing is that I have not kept it. I am doubtless extremely amusing, sir, but I am going to say something in the end. It occurs to me that you will never do anything with the Council. You said they were afraid of you—and indeed I have some pity for the Council. Now, as the Council are fools, would it not be most fitting that the Council should talk with me? We should have a common feeling—if no common sense.’

‘You spoke of a promise, Lormont,’ said Père Joseph and his mouth twitched.

‘I believe I did, sir; I think it would be kept if I were to talk to the Council. I should prefer to keep it. I think you have seen the Lady Amaryllis.’

‘You think you will keep it?’

‘I am doubtless vain, sir; and it would be most presumptuous in me to succeed. But I am not Père Joseph; and so, sir,’ he yawned and patted his ruffles, ‘why should the Council be afraid of me?’

‘You will have your reward, Lormont,’ said the Capuchin.

‘My master and mistress are kind,’ said Lormont. He rose. ‘Now the one thing is that Karl should not die.’

‘You are confident.’

‘Who am I, sir, to distrust a man so trusted as——’ He bowed with a vast flourish, and ended with his hand on his heart.

‘But I am not the Council, Lormont,’ said Père Joseph and smiled.

Karl lay pale and listless in the big room below, with Yolande watching by his side. He had no strength to speak, and his tired eyes were closed. He was not thinking; he was unconscious of sorrow or joy; but he had a great resolve to live. Yolande sat by the bed looking at his calm face with tender eyes. She would not let herself think that he could die; she had no thought for the future at all, and she sat tending him as a mother cares for her child.

(To be concluded.)

At the Sign of the Ship.

THERE is somewhat very mysterious in the nature of circulating libraries. One is occasionally driven into them, in provincial towns, to look for something to read. What meets the indignant view is row upon row of the trashy deposit of the years. The books, almost all the books, are novels of about the eighth rank. The authors' names are unknown, but the authors are usually of the fair sex. Opening volume after volume, you meet the unmistakable traces of the fair amateur. The readable books of known and eminent hands are conspicuously absent. One wants to know who profits by this extraordinary method of selection. Probably not the authors: the publisher cannot, surely, find advantage here. As for the reader, he 'is not fed.' Nobody would look at such trivial commonplace trash if anything else were placed before him. Then why do so many circulating libraries, to which you may be *abonné*, never send the books you ask for, but a box full of the same kind of imbecilities as fill the shelves of the country circulating library? Can it be that the authors of the trash give it away for nothing, while books of interest have to be purchased?

* * *

I once adopted the plan of taking the catalogue of a circulating library and erasing the name of every book that was not to be sent. Most of the names were erased. But the intelligent youth who filled my box was too clever for me. The box held ten volumes. Six of them were composed of two copies of the same worthless three-volume novel. After that I abandoned the hopeless struggle. The central mystery is why the libraries buy the undesired eighth-rate novel, when they might just as well spend the money on the books that subscribers want and

furiously, but uselessly, demand. There must be some sufficient commercial reason, unless the reason is sheer 'cussedness.'

* * *

The *Hibbert Journal* is a new and lively quarterly review of theology and religion. Thence I cull a fact of great interest. The few persons who have read the Book of Esther know that it gives an account of the origin of a Jewish feast called Purim. A character in the narrative is named Mordecai, and the learned have variously recognised in him a condemned criminal, a representative of the God Merodach, a representative of the spirit of vegetation, and so on. But, as I glean from the *Hibbert Journal*, the Editor of the new *Encyclopædia Biblica* adds greatly to the brilliant variety of erudite opinion by recognising in the name Mordecai not the god Merodach, but a corruption of the name Jerahmeel—'that much-enduring name,' says Professor Peake. 'If the reader asks' (as I do with enthusiasm) 'what is Jerahmeel? there is some difficulty in answering the question. It plays many parts. Now it is a country, now a town, sometimes a river, sometimes a mountain, or again it may be a man's name'—that of Mordecai, for example, which happens, in fact, to be the real name of a real Jew of the period. In the second volume of this humorous *Encyclopædia Biblica* 'only twenty-three names were enumerated as probably corruptions of Jerahmeel. . . . In the third volume this name is to be found in disguises by the hundred.'

* * *

It is as if, in Scottish history, Douglas was not only the name of a burn, of a district, and of a clan, but was also (in corrupted forms) to be recognised in John Knox, Queen Mary, Montrose, Young Tamlane, the Tweed, 'the Tables,' Kinmont Willie, Prince Charlie, Glencoe, Robert Burns, Darien, Kenneth III., Ben Cruachan, and Macbeth. In the absence of humorous writers I mean to devote my leisure to the *Encyclopædia Biblica*.

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The ordinary reader may not be aware that the epistles of St. Paul are 'due to the fertility of a shamefully unappreciated school in the second century,' clever fellows much like the mob of literary gents who wrote the *Odyssey*. Mr. James Moffat unfeelingly remarks that this discovery of the *Encyclopædia Biblica* is paralleled by the hypothesis that Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare. But

really the theory more resembles the notion that the Shakespearian plays were written by Lovelace, Suckling, Carew, Shadwell, Dryden, and Habington. There are, doubtless, plenty of better things in the *Encyclopædia*, but a work of that kind ought not to be the playground of competing conjectures. They are not revelations brought down by professors from practicable mountains. This is the opinion of Monsieur Jean Réville, who is very bold, and says that the theory about the late and sham epistles is 'purely arbitrary,' 'in the air,' and 'rests on nothing.' 'In a dictionary which ought to represent the actual condition of science it would have been better not to give as positive results (*des resultats acquis*) a mere tissue of hypotheses held by a minute minority of critics.'¹ It is odd, as M. Réville says, to see such things patronised by Oxford theologians. They used to have some common sense, and even some sense of humour.

* * *

Unluckily there is a more serious aspect of this affair. As far as most matters go, it is a free country. 'A man may speak the thing he will,' unless some merely amateur defender of opposite opinions choose to knock him down. But a clergyman is another kind of man. He is under certain obligations—in honour, if not in law—to uphold, or certainly not to attack, a given set of beliefs. If he holds none of them, but still preaches them, that is between himself and his conscience. If his conscience does not tell him that he is a sneak, a humbug, and a hypocrite, he will be so much the happier. If he chooses to have, in one sense, the courage of his opinions and of other people's opinions, and to publish ideas which leave the religion which he professes with no more historical basis than the tale of Troy, nobody will interfere with him. He is quite safe. Nobody will deprive him of his bishopric. Still, his conduct is amazing to the lay mind. To that unsophisticated intellect it seems that such a man has a plain course before him. He should send in his papers. After that he would be free with honour to invent any theories, however absurd, and to promulgate any mythological hypotheses, however antiquated and obsolete. How these things can be done, with honour, while a man wears the uniform of any Christian sect is a mystery to the laity. It is as if a king's officer should keep supplying foreign War Offices with schemes for invading the country by an army voyaging in

¹ *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions*, Sept., 1902, pp. 262, 263, 275.

parachutes. The schemes would be puerile, but the intention would be treasonable.

* * *

A correspondent suggests a partial solution of the cricketing problem, Who fielded the ball in Mr. Cobden's famous final over in the University match of 1870? The ball was hit to the off side. I think that is allowed on all sides. But, says my correspondent, the batsman was left-handed, and 'on' and 'off' were thus reversed. He mentions another mystery. According to Mr. Ford's book a player bowled at one end and kept wicket at the other. He must, therefore, have kept wicket to his own bowling. The extreme difficulty of doing so escaped me when I read the passage. The case would be one of 'bi-location'—being in two places at once.

* * *

This would have suited the ideas of the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers, whose great book, 'Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death,' is about to be published.¹ This is not the place for a review of the stupendous series of speculations; but Mr. Myers sets up a new theory of wraiths and ghosts. It is not only that my mind, in St. Andrews, affects, say, that of my club porter in Pall Mall, so that he sees me there, but that my spirit, or some of it, makes a 'psychical excursion' through space, and establishes a 'phantasmogenetic agency' in the hall of my club. To take an historical case. Archbishop Sharp, at Edinburgh, sent his running footman to his house in St. Andrews with orders to bring a document from a certain bureau there. The footman 'ran like a lamplighter,' reached the house, found the steward, and went upstairs to open the cabinet. There they met the Archbishop, to whom the footman said: 'My lord, you must have ridden fast. Where did you pass me?' The appearance of the prelate looked severely on the two men, and vanished. Wodrow tells the tale, and thinks it discreditable to the Archbishop. But he had merely made a psychical excursion, and established a phantasmogenetic agency, doubtless unconsciously. Mr. Myers gives many examples, and it seems that people are often frightened when they, being in one place, are seen at another. An instance is given in which a colonel was greatly alarmed, 'a soldier and afeared.' But there is nothing to be afraid of; I have often been seen; once, for example,

¹ Longmans.

in the Temple, and once at a ball in Carlisle, and once bathing in the sea, when I was in no such places. But in the bathing miracle a friend (by no means very like me) was mistaken for me; and all were probably mere cases of mistaken identity. Even when this is not the explanation, no harm usually comes of it. Here is an instance of a sumptuous phantasmogenetic agency, regardless of expense. We were at luncheon in X. castle, when Lady K. said to her nephew B., 'Where did you and Alice go this morning when you passed my window in the dogcart? You were driving Tam o' the Lin'—a pony of that name. 'We did not go at all,' said B., 'but we thought of going.' Here the idea in the minds of Alice and B. set up the phantasms of themselves, of a pony, and of a dog-cart. It seems 'a large order.'

* * *

A character of George Eliot reads pious biographies on Sundays, but she skips the edifying places, and lights on those where such secular terms as 'pony,' 'pair of shoes,' 'scarlet fever,' and the like catch her eye. Probably people will read Mr. Myers's book on these terms, skipping the philosophic argument and attending to the yarns. Mr. Myers believed in 'possession,' but not in demoniacal possession; only invasions by human spirits. His theory had no use for devils, and this, I think, made him rather unfair to that order of beings. The evidence for them at present is mainly that of Chinese, and Yakuts, and converted Zulus, which excites an unworthy prejudice.

* * *

For my part, I do not believe in American or British possessed mediums, greatly preferring Chinese and Zulu evidence. But here is a yarn which is on better testimony than either sort. 'Mr. Wilkie is a very straightforward man, and not given to illusions of any kind. He is now the chief of the Secret Service Department of the United States Government, Washington.' The other witness is Dr. Oscar C. de Wolf, an American physician residing in London. In October 1895, says Mr. Wilkie (writing in 1898) he had bronchitis, and went to be taken care of at Dr. de Wolf's house in South Kensington. He fell asleep, when convalescent, in the doctor's study, and, before absolutely waking up 'I fancied,' he says, 'that I had on my lap a pad of paper, and I thought I wrote upon this pad with a pencil the following

words: 'Dear Doctor,—Do you remember Kitty McGuire, who used to live with you in Chester?' (Mass.) 'she died in 1872. She hopes you are having a good time in London.' Mr. Wilkie then woke, and gave the message to the Doctor. He remembers Kitty McGuire 'as a servant assisting my mother' about 1866–1873. Mr. Wilkie knew nothing about the girl, and had never been within 500 miles of Chester, Mass. 'Neither of us was a believer in spiritual manifestations of this kind.'

* * *

Here there are several conceivable explanations. That of popular science is (1) The story is not true. (2) Mr. Wilkie (a) had heard of Kitty (though he says he had not) and dreamed about her. (b) He dreamed, but his hitting on the right name was a mere chance coincidence. (3) Then there is the sceptical Podmorian explanation. Dr. de Wolf was unconsciously thinking of Kitty as he sat reading the *British Medical Journal*. His thought affected Mr. Wilkie's dreaming mind, and produced the 'message.' I reject (1). But (2) (a) and (3) seem at least as probable as the notion that the spirit of the defunct Miss McGuire 'possessed' Mr. Wilkie. Kitty gave no shadow of proof of her identity. This is the difficulty with all these theories of 'possession.' There are less expensive and more probable explanations: and these can never be disproved. No man can be absolutely certain that he never heard of Kitty McGuire.

* * *

Another puzzling story reached Mr. Myers through myself. I used to know an interesting boy of eighteen, the son of a mason in a country town. He was dying of heart disease, and was extremely fond of literature, which led to our acquaintance. His family were people of much intelligence and refinement. He died, and I became acquainted with his brother, a young minister of the Church of Scotland, now also dead. From him I learned that the young brother, who had not much to amuse him during his long illness, had taken an amateur interest in 'spiritualism' (1888–1889). In 1890 the clerical brother, Mr. O., wrote the account published by Mr. Myers (ii. 550–559). They used to meet, with two or three friends of the artisan class, in a room in their house. One man, 'Andrew,' was entranced, and sketched and played the violin in that condition; but he did the same when wide awake.

He also became possessed by a Russian physician with the unusual name of Snobinski. Such airy creatures are the mere dreams of the somnambulist. Mr. O., the clerical brother, thought very little of Dr. Snobinski and of his anatomical drawings. But once Andrew reported himself as possessed by the soul of a deceased school boy. He therefore asked Andrew to write an answer to a question in Latin, which Andrew did not know. Mr. O. could not 'fully translate' the answer. He then asked for Greek, 'a quotation from any Greek author.' Andrew then wrote the words of Odysseus to the shadow of Elpenor, on the borderland of Hades :—

Ἐλπῆνορ, πῶς ἦλθες ὑπὸ ζόφον ἡρόεντα ;
Ἐφθης πεζὸς ἐὼν ἢ ἐγὼ σὺν νηϊ μελαίνῃ.

'The words were beautifully written, and minute even to the accents.' Mr. O. had read the eleventh book of the Odyssey, but he did not remember the lines by heart, and honestly said that he could not have accented the words correctly.

* * *

Here I give up explanation (1). Mr. O. was a veracious person, and told me the tale quite simply, having no theory of the causes of the writing. Andrew did not know Greek. We must therefore suppose (2) that Andrew deliberately got someone to cram him in writing two appropriate Greek lines, and then pretended to be possessed by a schoolboy spirit for the purpose of drawing the demand 'write a Greek quotation'; or we may guess that Mr. O. unconsciously *did* know the lines, accents and all (they had been under his eyes, and we really forget nothing), and that his mind wired on the facts to Andrew's mind. The latter theory, of course, is not accepted by science. I did not know Andrew: he disliked the business, which, he said, gave him headaches. But while I have no reason to suspect Andrew of a complicated imposture, there was no proof of the identity of the inspiring schoolboy. By the way, the learned spirits who haunt Mrs. Piper have quite forgotten their Greek.

* * *

Mr. Myers's vast collections of tales of 'possession' are subject to the deductions and alternative interpretations which I have suggested. He firmly believed in his own theory, and expected

the world to come round to it. He put up pleasantly with banter and criticisms, and gave himself to a work from which he expected neither lucre nor laurels. For my part, till the various phenomena can be exhibited in the laboratories of experimental psychologists I cannot expect official science to recognise their existence. Now you might as well have taken Shelley, and asked him to write a lyric up to his best in a laboratory, every day for a month, as expect these things of Mr. Myers to occur in a laboratory, with a crowd of scientific gentlemen pulling and pushing and testing the subject. So we are not likely to get forward, and that is the net result of 1,200 pages. Here and there an individual will think that 'there is something in it'; and perhaps, centuries hence, people will say: 'here was a man in advance of his age.' But Mr. Myers hoped that his ideas, if accepted, would comfort men and women in grief, and so would be of some practical use in the world.

* * *

There is a phenomenon connected with the printing or binding of books which is annoying to the studious. Four or five times lately I have bought a book in which a whole sheet was missing, while another sheet, that had occurred earlier, took its place. This is not so bad as when, on the verso of page 220, say, comes what ought to be found on page 293. One meets pages running 190, 189, 195, 194, 182, and so on. The worst case is in Balfour's *Annals*, a book printed, I think, in 1824. Mr. Hill Burton quoted a passage from ii. 128. I could not find it there, or anywhere; yet ii. 128 made excellent sense as it stood. Next I found two more recent authors also citing ii. 128 for the same passage. Now a passage very like it, but not identical, was on ii. 193. I regret to say that I suspected Mr. Burton of having made a slip, and the other two authors of having copied him, without looking up the original. But the passage, in my example, turns up on ii. 228, where it has nothing to do with the context. Again, I lately referred a friend to Tytler's *History of Scotland*, ix. 363 (1843). He got the book, and wrote 'you must have meant page 322,' where he found the passage. But in my example it is on page 363, and could not possibly be on page 322. All this is rather wearing: moreover, if you have marked the margins of a new book, and presently find that it is so much mispaged as to be totally useless, you have to buy a new copy: you can scarcely send back the marked old copy. This has just

occurred to me—but I have not bought a fresh copy. The only plan seems to be to cut and collate the pages of a new book before reading it. The odd thing is that I have never found a novel in this bewildering condition, only serious books: for perhaps Mr. Saintsbury will permit me to call one of his books ‘serious.’

* * *

What is also curious may be found on that wandering page of Mr. Tytler's. I had occasion to want to know where a lady was on August 6, 1600. I thought that I had good reason for saying that she was, as usual, in a house called Dirleton. Two other writers, Mr. Barbé and Professor Masson, also said that she was there, at her son's house. Now Carey, Governor of Berwick, said in a letter of August 11, 1600, that she was at her son's place; so I cited Carey, but gave the name of the house Dirleton. For this I came under the scourge of a critic. Now Mr. Tytler, on the wandering page, said that the lady was at Dunkeld, and cited two letters of Sir Richard Scrope, who looked after the western, as Carey looked after the eastern border. The letters are of August 11 and 15, 1600. So Sir Richard's two letters had to be looked up. He did not say one word about either Dunkeld or the lady! What must have happened was this: Mr. Tytler wrote ‘Sir Richard Scrope’ where he meant to write ‘Carey.’ Next he thought, quite erroneously, that the lady was at her son's house in Dunkeld. So he made Scrope say that she was at Dunkeld; whereas it was Carey, who had only said that she lay at ‘another house’ (unnamed) of her son's, not at his house in Perth. It is rather comforting to find that the most accurate writers can blunder in this double-barrelled way; while printers and binders may also remember that pages go all wrong in old as well as in new books. The reviewer, too, who lately allowed ‘The Golden Bangle’ to appear in his critique, when he meant ‘The Golden Bough,’ may let himself loose on the much-enduring proof-reader. It is a lovely natural blunder, for we have all heard of golden bangles, but not all of ‘The Golden Bough.’ ‘Golden Bangle’ was the inspired conjectural emendation of the compositor, because ‘Golden Bough,’ he thought, was nonsense. He went on the line of the Biblical commentator who conjecturally alters ‘Mordecai’ (and a hundred other names, it seems) into ‘Jerahmeel,’ and then rewrites Scriptural history on the basis of his conjecture, as I am given to understand. But the results of such processes of ingenious guessing can hardly be scientific. Just think of the

Greek classics coming to us through the hands of so many copyists in so many ages. Often the copyist, puzzled by a word, put 'bangle' (which seemed sense) for 'bough,' which was right, but seemed pure bosh. Then modern editors have to try to find the right word, and they all find different right words, and hammer away at each other in their notes. Or perhaps the word is right, only it seems nonsense to them, and they are responsible for the 'bangles.' If you quote Shakespeare, somebody is always puzzled, and queries the remark. Lately I had to write the name of Mr. Gillen. The 'reader' suggested 'Gillem,' and I knew why. It is always 'Gillem' in a recent work, with which the querist probably had to do; but 'Gillem' was wrong, for all that.

ANDREW LANG.

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